MARCH 7, 1975 75 CENTS

THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

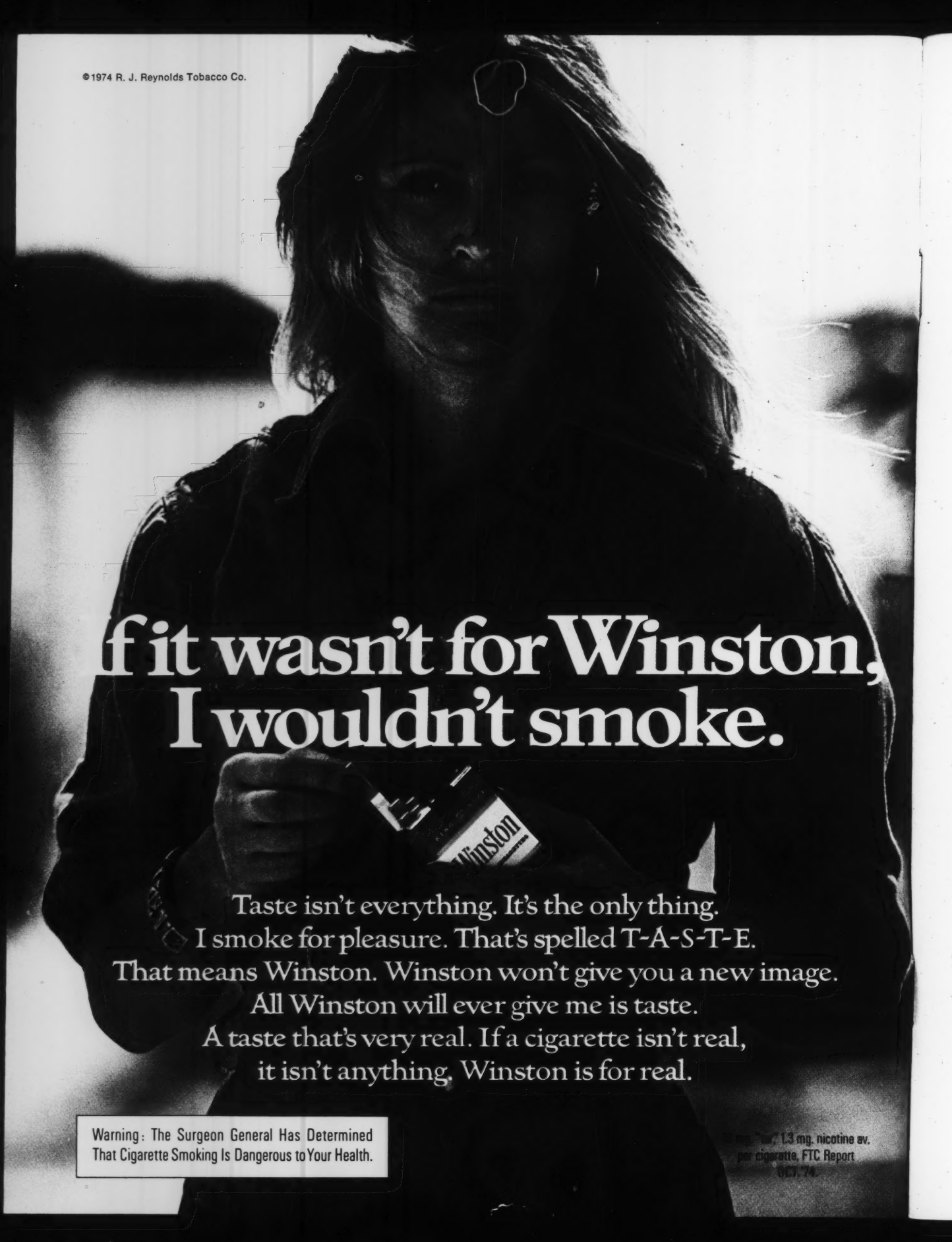
NEW TIMES

What's being done about those killer aerosol cans?

Nothing.

480288 CNN 4760W0ZX 20*75 9 12
JUDI MC CONNELL 05
APT A-1 4
4760 WASHTENAW
ANN ARBOR MI 48104

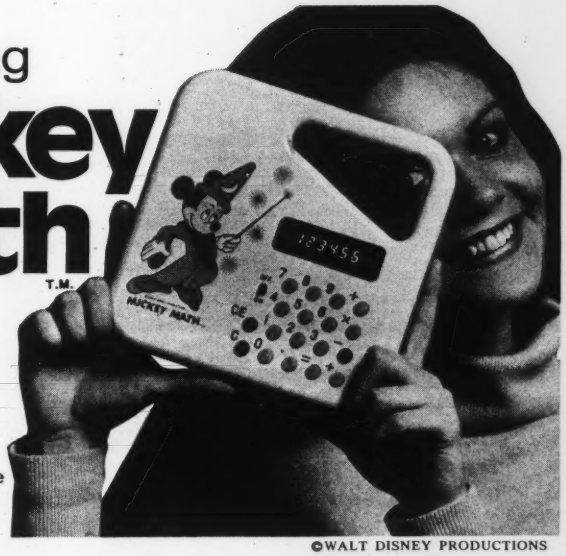
IND 34100


©1974 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
f it wasn't for Winston,
I wouldn't smoke.
Winston
Taste isn't everything. It's the only thing.
I smoke for pleasure. That's spelled T-A-S-T-E.
That means Winston. Winston won't give you a new image.
All Winston will ever give me is taste.
A taste that's very real. If a cigarette isn't real,
it isn't anything. Winston is for real.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
1.3 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report
OCT. 74.

Presenting Mickey Math T.M.

$19.95

The newest executive calculator will do more than just give answers.



©WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

Mickey Math is only 1" x 7½" x 7½" and fits conveniently in your briefcase, suitcase or the trunk of your car. It weighs only 14 ounces and its built-in, space-age handle makes it fun to lug around.

THEY'LL NEVER FORGET YOU

Give Mickey Math to somebody you want to impress: your boss, banker, State Farm insurance salesman or favorite General Motors executive. They'll not only be getting the latest in space-age technology, but they'll never forget you.

It is true that the Mickey Math calculator was designed for children. The instruction booklet with its colorful pictures and clear examples is designed to stimulate math interest and create little geniuses.

But as America's largest single source of electronic calculators and other space-age products, we feel Mickey Math's place is with the executive—as a business tool and as a major element in his day-to-day, decision-making process.

If you're looking for the perfect gift or a great business tool, we urge you to act quickly and order your Mickey Math electronic calculator at no obligation today!

Impress your friends, figure little deals, close sales and feel smarter with the world's most powerful calculator.

Alco, one of America's largest manufacturers of paper clips and rubber bands, has developed a space-age computer miracle.

HERE'S WHAT IT CAN DO

You're a salesman. You're at lunch with a prospective customer. While discussing prices, your customer pulls out his $400 Hewlett Packard HP-80. You pull out your $19.95 Mickey Math. Two minutes later you walk out with the sale.

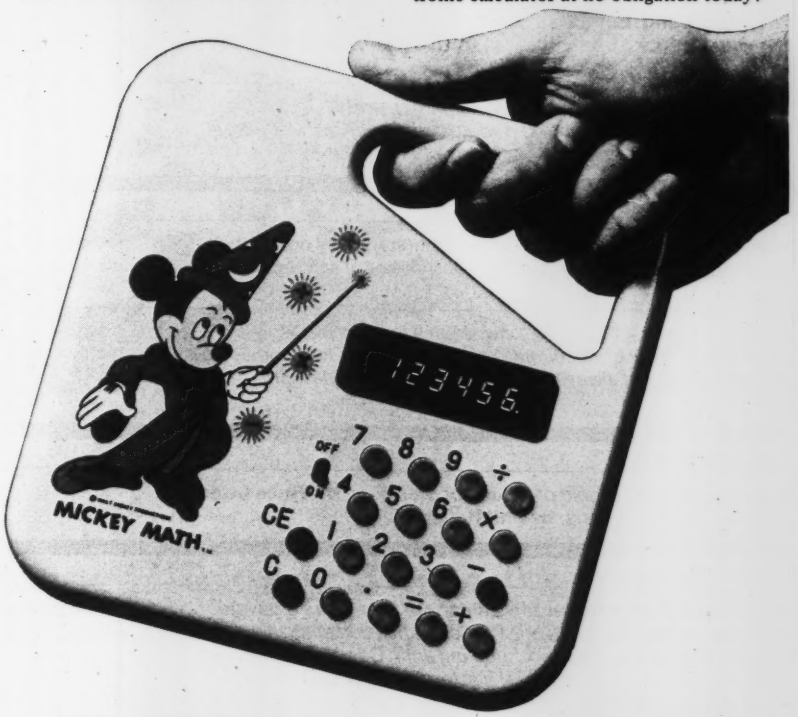
You're the financial vice president of a major U.S. corporation. You're at the board of directors meeting. The chairman of the board poses an important financial question and points to you for the answer. You open your briefcase and pull out your Mickey Math. The next day you're promoted to president.

Success stories like the above are real possibilities when you own a Mickey Math calculator. In fact our guarantee of satisfaction clearly states, "If the Mickey Math calculator does not make you rich, famous, more interesting and smarter, return it any time within two weeks for a prompt and courteous refund." And no other calculator company could dare make that guarantee.

FOR LITTLE DEALS ONLY

Mickey Math has six large, yet powerful digits. That's why we recommend it for little deals only. Its full-floating decimal, four-function constant and algebraic logic (you perform the functions as you think) make working complex problems a breeze.

You can do chain calculations, derive negative balances and figure all kinds of answers automatically, all by pressing little round buttons. It's truly the ultimate calculator.



Clip out Executive Order Form and mail with your check to the address shown below:

EXECUTIVE ORDER FORM

○Yes, please rush me___ Mickey Math electronic calculator(s) @ $22.45 each ($19.95 plus $2.50 postage and handling) complete with one year warranty and explicit Mickey Mouse instructions. I understand that if I do not become rich, famous, more interesting or smarter, I may return Mickey Math within two weeks for a prompt and courteous refund.

○Please add the $4.95 AC adapter which will allow me to conserve battery power while using the calculator at my desk or during lengthy executive conferences.

○Please add the $3.00 padded carrying case.

JS&A NATIONAL SALES GROUP

DEPT. NTM 4200 DUNDEE ROAD
NORTHBROOK, ILLINOIS 60062

CREDIT CARD BUYERS CALL:

(800) 323-5880

In Illinois (312) 498-6900 ©JS&A Group, Inc., 1975

NEW TIMES, March 7, 1975, Volume 4, Number 5

TOP OF THE NEWS

Israel's ugly little war *No one talks about it—and it's easy to find excuses for it—but Israel's bombing of southern Lebanon has had a devastating effect on the civilian population. The ultimate casuality may be the Israeli claim to moral superiority* **By Judith Coburn** 20

Not with a bang, but with a psssssst! *Scientists sounded the doomsday warning on aerosol cans over a year ago. Since then, production has increased 10 percent* **By Michael Drosnin** 26

"A (black) woman who wants to keep her pride" *Interracial rape has historically symbolized white dominance in the South. A shy 20-year-old who fought back may change all that* **By Mark Pinsky** 30

THESE ARE NEW TIMES

Playing for keeps *ABC's* Women Superstars *may not be the big leagues—but for underpaid women athletes, it sure beats the Olympics* **By Thomas Moore** 36

Bodies in revolt *If you feel rotten from 9 to 5, it's probably not because you're ill or decadent. You could be an Owl—someone whose biology will always be out of sync with the daylight work-world* **By William Kowinski** 44

LOCAL COLOR

Side Trips *A solid gold prospect for president,* **by Vince Swann;** Father's gone a-hunting, **by Phil Hevener** 42

THE ARTS

A woman out from under the influence *For years a devoted wife and mother, actress Gena Rowlands has come into her own as the "wacko" housewife of husband John Cassavetes' new hit film. "Every woman in the world has terrible anxieties," she says, "because our whole life is based on emotion"* **By Sandra Shevey** 52

Behind the scenes at NEW TIMES page 4
LETTERS page 5
CLIPPINGS page 6
SLOW DOWN page 12
FULMINATIONS page 14
THE INSIDER page 16

Copyright © 1975 by New Times Communication Corp.
All rights reserved.
Audit Bureau of Circulations
Application submitted

REVIEWS:
Movies: *Shampoo* page 58
Music: Dylan page 64
Books: *A Month of Sundays* page 66
Final Tribute
The Berets: facing the desert
By Mark Goodman page 68

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

NEW TIMES is published bi-weekly by New Times Communications Corp. One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016. George A Hirsch, President. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price $12.00 per year, $2.00 additional for Canada, $5.00 additional for all other foreign.

Direct all SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE orders, change of address, etc. to NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2948, Boulder, Colorado 80302
ALL EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE should be directed to NEW TIMES, One Park Avenue, New York, 10016.

Photo Credits

2-Mark Godfrey/Magnum. 36-Top left, Thomas Price; top center and right, Art Seitz; bottom, Micki Baldwin. 39, 40, 41-Art Seitz. 58, 63-Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. 68-Wide World.

Mike Pinera. Duane Hitchings. Donny Vosburgh.
Bringing together the musical spark
from Iron Butterfly, Blues Image and Cactus
and creating an exciting new image.
Thee Image.

Rock and Roll Ballads from Thee Image.
brought to you by Manticore Records.

Distributed by Motown Record Corporation. © 1975, Manticore Records, Ltd.

BEHIND THE SCENES

"The Arab-Israeli situation is so emotionally charged" says Judith Coburn, who wrote this issue's story on the bombing of Lebanon, "that I am sure, absolutely certain, that this piece is going to be misunderstood—interpreted as anti-Israeli. It's one of those things that go with the territory.

"What people have got to understand is that to criticize a specific Israeli policy—one that is not even effective militarily—is not to oppose Israel politically. As a matter of fact, those who maintain that Israel's position is morally sounder than the Arab position should be the first ones to condemn the bombing.

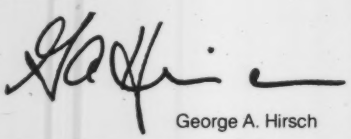
"I have friends who say, 'What about the PLO terrorists? Isn't what they do worse?' What can you say to that? The terrorist murders are utterly reprehensible. But they do not justify similar acts by the other side. And, make no mistake about it, the innocent Lebanese and Palestinian civilians killed by Israeli bombs—and, as we should know by now, bombing is the most indiscriminate of all warfare—are just as dead as the Israeli schoolchildren killed by terrorist bullets.

"What particularly disturbs me about this story is the lack of coverage it's received in the American press. Either we are too jaded by now to care about bombing casualties, or, even worse, Arab deaths just don't seem terribly important. Either way, it does not reflect well on us."

Coburn came to the story in an unusual way; she was interviewing Senator James Abourezk (D.-S. Dak.) for a radio program, and he kept haranguing her about the bombing. "But I know you don't believe me," he concluded. "No one else does." After having covered Washington politics for two years (for the Newhouse chain, the *Village Voice* and Pacifica Radio) and Vietnam for three (for the *Far Eastern Economic Review*), Judith knew that all too often the unbelievable is all too accurate. She approached *New Times* with the proposal and within weeks, she and photographer Mark Godfrey, who'd worked for *Life* and AP in Asia, were in the Middle East. They spent three months there—divided between Israel and the Arab countries—and got both sides of the story. "In an odd way," she says, "both sides make perfect sense. There are really no good guys or bad guys. Both sides are innocent and both sides are guilty."

* * *

If the manufacturers of aerosol cans are convinced that the use of freon as a propellant is harmless, they certainly act in strange and wondrous ways. To put together this issue's cover, the art department got together eight cans that could be assumed to use freon—cans that emitted a fine mist and contained neither food nor shaving cream. We then called the manufacturers to make sure that these were all freon cans. One company told us the information was "privileged"; another that the only man who knew the answer could not be reached for weeks; two referred us to their lawyers. Only Lysol freely admitted to using freon. In the end, we had to take them all to a laboratory for chemical analysis. Two products had to be eliminated, but the six cans shown on the cover passed the test with flying fluorocarbons.



George A. Hirsch

NEW TIMES

Publisher
George A. Hirsch

Editor
Jonathan Z. Larsen

Art Director
Steve Phillips

Associate Editors
Joanna Krotz
Frank Rich
Robert Sherrill
Harry Stein

Assistant Editor
Ellen Rosenbush

Assistant Art Director
Carolyn Buckley

Art Assistant
Carol Throgmorton

Photo Researcher
Donna Nicholson

Editorial Assistant
Karen L. Sacks

General Manager
Louis B. Dotti Jr.

Controller
Howard Wishinsky

Administrative Assistants
Miriam S. Ko
Margie Spada

Circulation Director
Richard LaMonica

Circulation Assistant
Sheron Acosta

Production Manager
Anne R. Brokaw

Production Assistant
Janet Gold

Newsstand Director
Leonard A. Carney

Newsstand Manager
Robert Madison Clark

Assistant to the Publisher
Judy Woodward

Advertising Director
David B. Metz

Advertising and Promotion Manager
Bernard Stolar

Advertising Assistants
Anne L. Holton
Terry Ellen Ladin

Advertising Representatives
J. David Maloy
Michael Owen
Joel E. Park

Advertising Representatives

Chicago
The Pattis Group

Detroit
Richard Hartle Associates

Los Angeles
The Sheppard Company

Atlanta/Miami/Toronto
Metropolitan Publishers Representatives

Contributing Editors
Robert Sam Anson, Jimmy Breslin, F. Reid Buckley, Sara Davidson, Pete Hamill, Marshall Frady, Donald Jackson, Murray Kempton, Larry L. King, J. Anthony Lukas, Joe McGinniss, Mike Royko, Nora Sayre, Dick Schaap, Marcia Seligson, Studs Terkel, Thomas Thompson, Nicholas von Hoffman

Contributing Photographers
Steve Cooper, Mary Ellen Mark, Ann Phillips, Dick Swanson

Special Contributors
Richard Aurelio, Mark Goodman, Arthur Hadley, Gregg Kilday, Richard Kluger, Lucy Komisar, Jim Kunen, Janet Maslin, Thomas Moore, Marion Steinmann, Nina Totenberg, Geoffrey Wolff

Correspondents
Washington D.C.: Charlie McCollum; **Arizona:** Bruce Taylor (Phoenix), Ron Ridenhour (Tempe); **California:** Roger Rapoport (San Francisco), Carol Sternhell (Palo Alto); **Colorado:** Elaine Nathanson (Denver); **Connecticut:** Fred Mann (Mystic); **Delaware:** Curtis Wilkie (Wilmington); **Florida:** Stephen Diamond (Miami); **Georgia:** Gregory Jaynes (Atlanta); **Hawaii:** Gerald F. Burris (Honolulu); **Idaho:** Michael Parfit (Mackay); **Illinois:** Scott W. Jacobs (Chicago); **Indiana:** John Brady (Terre Haute); Tom Cochrun (Indianapolis); **Kentucky:** John Filiatreau (Louisville); **Maine:** John N. Cole (Brunswick), John Lovell (Portland); **Maryland:** Joseph Nawrozki (Baltimore); **Massachusetts:** Bo Burlingham (Boston); **Michigan:** Mike Maza (Detroit), Tony Schwartz (Ann Arbor); **Mississippi:** Ed Kohn (Greenville); **Missouri:** Harper Barnes (St. Louis); **Montana:** Cortlandt Freeman (Bozeman); **New Hampshire:** Christopher Tilghman (Cornish Flat); **New Mexico:** John Neary (Tesuque); **New York:** Ellen Perlmutter (Binghamton); **North Carolina:** Richard Edmonds (Winston-Salem); **Ohio:** Thomas Andrzejewski, Terence Sheridan (Cleveland), E.E. "Chip" Elliott (Columbus); **Oregon:** Ron Abell (Portland); **Pennsylvania:** Alfonso S. Donaldson (Pittsburgh); **Rhode Island:** William Kutik (Newport), Fritz Koch (Providence); **South Carolina:** Jon Buchan (Rock Hill); **Texas:** Susan L. Butler (Houston), Molly Ivins (Austin); **Wisconsin:** Nina Bernstein (Milwaukee); **Wyoming:** Michael Sellett (Jackson); **Canada:** Robert Ramsey (Toronto); **England:** Annalyn Swan (Oxford); **India:** Dina Vakil (Bombay)

LETTERS

Whose bias?

Ann Crittenden's "Corporate Cover-Up" (January 10) is the worst kind of journalism because it purports to "explain" highly complex issues while actually just adding to the already considerable misunderstanding and mistrust of business. That's a shame, because in order to change the system intelligently, we ought first to have a balanced picture of how it really works.

To take but one brief example: Ms Crittenden is upset that banks avoid most federal tax by purchasing vast quantities of tax-free municipal bonds. She does not mention that if tax exemptions on municipals were lifted, local governments would have to pay much higher interests costs, which they could only afford by raising our taxes.

Perhaps Ms. Crittenden's rather violent anti-establishment bias comes through most clearly with her use of just two quotation marks. She uses these around Rockefeller's "charitable donations," likening them to the "old French peasant's dodge" of hiding his wealth when the tax collector came to town. Does Ms. Crittenden believe Rockefeller actually has *not* given away the millions he claims? Does she believe charitable contributions should not be deductible? Does she believe he tried to deduct as "charitable donations" the money he gave to Kissinger, et al., which would clearly have been illegal? Does she believe Rockefeller should make donations to charity and *not* claim a charitable deduction? Or that he should not make them at all? She is entitled to any of these rather exotic beliefs, of course, but surely we could do with a little elaboration.

Please do not count me as one who is against tax reform, which we badly need. It is superficial, biased explanations of important and complicated issues I think we should avoid.

Andrew P. Tobias
New York, New York

Ms. Crittenden replies:

Mr. Tobias and I share a commitment to balance, but we seem to disagree profoundly over what constitutes the worst kind of journalism. To my mind, the latter is exemplified by the melancholy tendency of many business writers to parrot the point of view of the large corporation—a practice made all too easy by the fact that "a great many knowledgeable observers" depend on those persuasive institutions for a goodly portion of their daily bread. In this context, I thought it important that *New Times* readers be aware of certain trends, such as the steadily eroding corporate tax base, which have been conspicuously neglected by the business press.

Doctors needed

May I differ with Steve Berman ("The Straightening of America," February 21), who believes that the "straightening process really gets ugly" when he discovers that "last year alone there were 41,000 applicants competing for 14,400 places in the nation's med schools." What is ugly, my dear Steve, is not the fact that so many graduates want to become doctors, but that all those who *do* eventually get M.D.s will then try to cram into Massachusetts General Hospital, Georgetown University Hospital and a handful of other prestigious places for resident work.

Meanwhile, I just read in the *South Jetty*, an obscure newspaper serving 300 on beautiful Mustang Island (Port Aransas, TX. . . .where???), that everybody's family doctor just took a job elsewhere, leaving the town without one. Any doctor readers in the house?

Jeanne M. Schinto
Washington, D.C.

Rest in peace

Thank you for February 21's "Final Tribute." I thought that I was the only one who felt that way about *Jeopardy*. I remember with a saddened joy the days when I would do all possible to be home to watch the game.

American viewers have been insulted by NBC because none of the new shows closely matches the caliber or the quality of *Jeopardy*. Hopefully, someday soon the network programmers will understand and not undersell the viewing public.

Maria Elena Dubourt
Hyattsville, Maryland

Boo, Lin Bolen for canceling *Jeopardy:* hooray Jordan Enid for a very deserving eulogy.

I, like Enid, was a confirmed *Jeopardy* watcher and looked forward to watching it when I was home sick from school. May *Jeopardy* rest in peace while daytime television continues to deteriorate in a "vast wasteland."

Don Ingalls
Cheshire, Connecticut

The real crime

Concerning Larry L. King's "Fulminations" (February 21) of the jury's award of $12 million to the Mayday demonstrators, I think he misses the point. The decision of the jury was a good one, but not because the other demonstrators failed, and we should excuse the rowdiness of this one. Saying what the government did in Vietnam excuses what the demonstrators did is also a poor analogy and an irrelevant comparison.

What was good about the decision was that it held up the basic principle that regardless of a person's political persuasion, he or she is entitled to full protection of the law. An indiscriminate roundup without right to counsel, food, health care or even shelter is a patent violation of the civil rights of those arrested.

The proper response to William Safire would have been to ask him how he would have felt being locked up for 24 hours, deprived of his rights, for something he was not even involved in. This was the real crime of the Mayday arrests, and the jury made ample restitution.

Daniel Kimmel
Rochester, New York

Spare parts

For your February 7th cover story ("Will the last person leaving Detroit please turn out the lights"), you talked about an American (Detroit) problem? Why did you pick a foreign car (Fiat) wheel for a photo? Re page 23 of the same issue: those "limbs" are not "final parts"; those are electric arc welding arms. The rest of the story was right on.

Rudy Gieffre
Yonkers, New York

One wonders about the veracity of the article by Robert Sam Anson on Detroit when he can't get the name of Detroit's biggest department store straight—J.L. Hudson's and not A.O. Hudson's. Although it may be an honest mistake, are readers to think they are the victims of arm-chair reporting? With such a one-sided story, at least get the facts right.

John Gerard
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Editor's Note: 1) We chose a Fiat hubcap because our art director drives a Fiat, and we used his spare tire. 2) It was an honest mistake, not arm-chair reporting. Anson spent a week in Detroit. Our apologies to J.L.

CLIPPINGS

Mr. Inglis Gets Stinking

Brian Inglis, of St. Catharines, Ontario, eats garlic every day, a lot of it. He says it is a natural antiseptic which combats intestinal worms, body mucus and blood toxins. The skinny, balding Inglis, who is 30, started eating garlic after he discovered he was about to have ulcers. Inglis worked as a delivery man, but after awhile customers began complaining about his foul odors. His employer told him to leave off the garlic or go. He went. He went on welfare. Fine. Then welfare told him to cut out the garlic, which limited job opportunity, or it would drop him. Maybe in a pizzeria or something? Whatever, you can't just give up garlic like that. Inglis refused. Welfare cut him off. He appealed. A review of his case was scheduled. He got a job as a cab driver and said he wouldn't attend the review, afraid the publicity would hurt his chances on the job, not to mention his aroma. A review of the case will be held anyway, sniffed Grant Young, administrator of field services for Niagara regional social services, whether Mr. Inglis shows up or not. Might be better all the way round.—from the Hamilton (Ontario) *Spectator*

Righteous Hard Core

A 190-page paperback religious book was mailed out to 4,200 Southern Baptist pastors in Texas to help them oppose pornography. It was filled with hard-core details on stuff from skinema to incest and orgies, and a lot of ministers were appalled by the handbook's contents. It may be banned as pornography.—from the Chicago *Tribune*

And Then . . .

"Hi! This is your friendly computer again. Your account is still past due. If payments are not made, I will have to refer this to a human!"—from a second notice of an overdue Master Charge account from the United California Bank

Hair of the Dog

Some folks in San Francisco are making sweaters, scarves, gloves and so on from dog hair. Frances Roe says, "Twenty dogs can make a mountain of hair . . . it makes a superwarm sweater." Bob Jones says, "There's something aesthetically pleasing about wearing something made from your own dog's hair." He says Samoyed hair is best, but he sometimes combines St. Bernard, Pomeranian or collie hair.—from the Honolulu *Sunday Star-Bulletin & Advertiser*

Harvey Overpowers Fessendon

The Harvey (North Dakota) high school basketball team overwhelmed Fessendon High School's five, 12 to 8.—from the Bismarck (N.D.) *Tribune*

Correction

The recipe for homemade graham crackers in Wednesday's food section should have called for ½ cup of whole milk instead of the 6 cups as stated. The remaining ingredients listed were correct.—from the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

That's four minutes for lunch, seven minutes for foreplay. . . .

Gold miners at Suva, Fiji, want a 30-minute break at midday so they can make love to their wives. The miners' union secretary, Nayita Raqona, said a man has a sexual obligation to his wife, but if he goes home pooped out at 5 p.m., he can't cut it. Raqona says a man is at his best after a little rest and lunch. The 30-minute limit is being sought, Raqona says, because "we don't want to overdo this."—from the Washington *Post*

Incestual Data

Richard Brudzynski checked his file with a credit bureau in Cleveland and learned he was previously an attorney now employed as a stock boy. He was, in fact, a stock boy who is now an attorney. A bachelor, he was surprised to find himself married, in the file, to his mother. Brudzynski is co-chairman of the Cleveland ACLU's "1984 Committee," which is investigating data banks.—from *Modern Data*, Modern Data Services, Inc., Hudson, Mass.

All the News . . .

HER DISSATISFACTION ws created by the fact he haen Chris two out of three times in 1974. Bt, on thtr haChris ion of champions on he Slims circuit–toppingt in mony earnings, record versus the top 10 (2-5), matches won (.914), sets won (104-16), games won 71-(2). OVISLY, ¼?(AP) YEAR(AP)OLD RIS HAD A SUPER YEAR. More obviously o when yoconsd on at imbldon, te acknowledgd ampionship.

—from the St. Petersburg *Times*

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN WELKIS

LED ZEPPELIN.
"PHYSICAL GRAFFITI."

© 1975 Atlantic Recording Corp. A Warner Communications Company

SWAN SONG

Distributed by Atlantic Records

New Times. Think of us as the Mighty Mouse of magazines.

Superman we are not.

But that doesn't mean NEW TIMES isn't busting evil in the chops, fighting for the little guy, stripping the pants off phonies and generally shaking hell out of the establishment.

Like Mighty Mouse, we are small but powerful feisty. Out of all proportion to size, we make waves. Strike fear in evil hearts. Give the tremble to fat cats. Shake the rafters. The Mouse that Roars, that's us.

Some recent roars.

Every two weeks, NEW TIMES comes along with a stick or two of dynamite in its fist.

There was our story on "The Ten Dumbest Congressmen," with NEW TIMES' nomination for King of Dumb. You should have heard the screams on that one, including a well-attended press conference called by the King himself. There was "Prescription Payola," about doctors who are willing to risk your life for a color TV. There was "Southie Is My Home Town," a look at the people of South Boston you didn't find in any of the other media. (After a century of getting the shaft, maybe they had reasons for coming off as brawling racists.)

In "The Little Camera That Couldn't," NEW TIMES dissected Polaroid's SX-70, as a symbol of a consumer economy gone wild. In "A Wallace Is a Wallace Is a Wallace," we looked underneath the new moderate George and found—guess what—the same old George. In "Happy Days Are Here Again," we saw the new depression as upbeat—a chance for new lifestyles and the whole Whole Earth thing. In "Zen and the Art of the Perfect Backhand," we told you how to trust your body and ignore your old tennis instructor.

"The Gourmet Freeze-Out" ripped the foil off the big restaurant rip-off that's serving up mass-produced frozen dishes as expensive house specialties. "The Consulting Con Game" laid bare a cushy professorial racket. "They Shoot Ten-Year Olds, Don't They?" was a heartwarming look at New York's shootin' cops with their 007 license to kill just about anybody they want to. "That Championship Season" stripped the cover-up from the sex scandal that decimated Notre Dame's football team.

Is NEW TIMES mad all the time?

Golly, no. Don't get the idea we do nothing but dredge up embarrassing facts and tweak important noses. NEW TIMES is *the magazine of what's happening* and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and movies and all manner of rare new ideas. For instance, we reported on Erhard Seminars Training (est), one of the most fascinating of the new life therapies. We got inside the world of bisexuality. We published our *own* medical research on pot—"Attention: Smoking Grass May Be Good for Your Health."

And of course we continue to report on the eternal battle of The Little Guys vs. The Big Guys. Like the story on Sam Lovejoy, who toppled the big bad nuclear tower. And the young hillbillies of Mendocino County who were damned if they'd let their houses be torn down for lack of city plumbing.

Our bright, brash, talented writers and columnists—like Robert Sam Anson, Jesse Kornbluth, Marcia Seligson, Larry King, Amanda Spake, Jim Kunen, Mark Goodman, Frank

Roar a Little
Subscribe to New Times
Save $5.25

☐ Send me 19 issues of NEW TIMES for only $9; a saving of $5.25 over the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time, receiving a full refund on any unmailed issues.

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

NEW TIMES 4170

P.O. Box 2948
Boulder, Colorado 80302

Roar a Little
Subscribe to New Times
Save $7.50

☐ Send me 1 Year – 26 issues – of NEW TIMES for only $12; a saving of $7.50 over the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time, receiving a full refund on any unmailed issues.

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

NEW TIMES 4171

P.O. Box 2948
Boulder, Colorado 80302

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 980
BOULDER, CO
BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES
POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY
NEW TIMES
P.O. BOX 2948
BOULDER, COLORADO 80302
FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 980
BOULDER, CO
BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES
POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY
NEW TIMES
P.O. BOX 2948
BOULDER, COLORADO 80302

Rich, Janet Maslin and Nina Totenberg—have one thing in common. They're unafraid. They'll plunge into anything, take chances and stands, crawl way out on limbs. Sure, NEW TIMES may fall on its face sometimes. But never on its knees!

We're plugged into *now*.

Whether you like it or not, you're living in a time of shattering transitions. Nobody knows where the world is heading and if they claim to, they lie!

NEW TIMES—more than any other magazine on the American scene, we think—is plugged into this difficult, exhilarating age. Do we understand what's going on? Sometimes, but not often enough. Do we know The Answers? Hell, we consider ourselves lucky when we know The Questions.

But we don't lie. We don't pretend impossible knowledge. Our minds and eyes are open and our promise to you is firm: we'll pin as much of the truth to the page as we know how.

Does NEW TIMES sound like your kind of magazine? If you've read this far, you're probably NEW TIMES' kind of person.

You can have a full year of *the magazine of what's happening*—26 issues—for only $12. (That's $7.50 less than the newsstand price.) Or 19 issues for $9. The attached order card will do the trick. Or write to NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2948, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

Join us. Start to roar a little.

NEW TIMES

The Mouse that Roars

Why are we in_____?

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

Now the war is over, and the crisis resolved. It is time to make peace with ourselves.—
Henry Kissinger

That's just a lie / It's one of the many / And we've had plenty / I don't want more of the same / No more genocide in my name.
Holly Near

Henry Kissinger delivered his words at the Alfred E. Smith Memorial Dinner in New York, in October. Holly Near sang hers at the Assembly to Save the Peace Agreement in Washington, in January. I was at the Assembly to Save the Peace Agreement, a meeting of 1,600 antiwar organizers, and I came away resolved to write this column.

The object of this column is to remind people that the United States is still involved in the war in _____, and to get them to write letters to their congressmen demanding an end to our involvement.

But how to write the column? You can't even mention _____ without losing half your readers. They've been bombarded with articles about _____ for a dozen years, and that's been an ordeal—not so great an ordeal as being bombarded with bombs all that time, but an ordeal just the same.

People hear what they want to hear, and they don't want to hear about _____. They think the war has been over since we signed the Peace Agreement two years ago, which is extraordinary, because the war has been raging as before.

I hesitate to introduce statistics because they are so cold, but readers will want them for use in their letters to Congress: *Since* the Peace Agreement, 1,500,000 people have been made refugees in Indochina. One hundred fifty thousand have been killed—200 per day. Meanwhile, 100,000 political prisoners are being held, and tortured, in our man Thieu's jails.

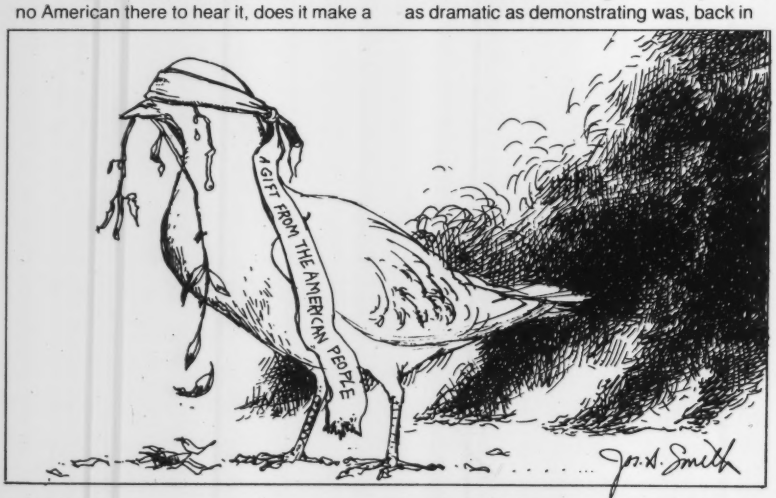
The war goes on because Thieu refuses to seek a political rather than a military solution, because he knows that his government has virtually no support among the people of _____. His regime would long since have crumbled were it not for the $3.7 billion in aid the United States has given him *since* the Peace Agreement, and the help of 2,000 American advisers still in _____.

On our side, thousands of draft resisters and veterans with bad discharges are still in need of unconditional amnesty.

How can Americans think the war is over?

Apparently Hitler's technique of the Big Lie still works. If you repeat something, however flagrantly false, for a long enough time, people will eventually believe you. Especially if they want to. The Administration says over and over again that the war is over (while simultaneously asking us for more money to fight it); the war was a painful experience, not pleasant to remember, so we forget about it. It's over. And there are no Americans dying there: so is anybody really dying?

If a tree falls in a forest, and there is no American there to hear it, does it make a sound?



Perhaps we should change our national bird from eagle to ostrich.

Things go on whether we look at them or not. Congresswoman Bella Abzug of New York told the Assembly of some recent developments: A U.S. Navy fleet, led by the carrier *Enterprise*, has sailed to within bombing range of _____. The U.S., in violation of the Peace Agreement, has resumed reconnaissance flights over North _____. The Administration is blitzing the media with claims that "our credibility throughout the world" depends on supporting our "ally."

"This is where we came in," Bella said.

This is where we came in. Do we want to sit through it again?

Not that we're just sitting—we're active participants. Every bomb says, "A Gift from the People of the U.S.A." Your tax dollar at work.

Congress has already appropriated $900 million to pay for the Indochina war this year. Now Kissinger is demanding an additional $522 million. Congress must approve his request for supplemental military aid or "accept responsibility for the loss of South _____," he has said. He didn't explain how we can "lose" a country to its own people, but logic is not his main concern. Pressure is.

But the pressure congressmen are most sensitive to comes in the mail from their constituents. Writing letters may not be as dramatic as demonstrating was, back in the street-fighting days, but it works. Thanks mostly to letter-writing campaigns such as the one you are about to participate in, anti-war forces have won five of the eight major votes on funds for Indochina in the past year. Two others were lost by a single vote in the Senate.

The supplemental military aid request will come to a vote in both House and Senate in early March. Kissinger said at a news conference that he hoped the request would not "rekindle the entire debate on" _____, because, he said, "That is emphatically not involved."

We really shouldn't allow our senses to be dimmed by this sort of double talk from our public employees.

"Dear Congressman. . . ." ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

MARIA MULDAUR IS ON THE FORCE.

So are
JETHRO TULL, FLEETWOOD MAC, GRAHAM CENTRAL STATION, FOGHAT, TODD RUNDGREN'S UTOPIA, DEEP PURPLE, TOWER OF POWER, THE DOOBIE BROTHERS, GREGG ALLMAN AND VAN MORRISON.

The Force *is a two-record long-playing set from Warner Bros. Records, a firm known to its friends as The Force... or, more formally, The Playable Plastics Detail. It's available only by mail, and the price is an incredible $2.00. That's because none of the artists on* The Force *is making any money from it. And neither is Warner Bros. We're selling it at a rock-bottom price so that we can entice you with these full-length selections by the artists listed above and a good many others. Who knows? Maybe you'll go out and buy their albums.*

THE FORCE also features
MONTROSE · BACHMAN-TURNER-BACHMAN · JOHN SEBASTIAN
RON WOOD · JAN & DEAN · THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND · MIKE McGEAR
LEO SAYER · KENNY RANKIN · PERCY SLEDGE · TRAPEZE · DEBBIE DAWN

To: THE FORCE, c/o Warner Bros. Records, NT
P.O. Box 6868, Burbank, Calif. 91510

I surrender. Send me *The Force*, and fast. I enclose $2, and can wait six weeks for delivery. By the way, I understand *The Force* is available in the U.S. and Canada only, which makes me feel pretty exclusive.
(Make checks payable to Warner Bros. Records.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Poor Jerry

FULMINATIONS

By Larry L. King

Poor Jerry Ford. No matter how much he repeats that he finished in the top third of his classes at Michigan and Yale, something—or somebody—is always reminding us of his dumb-dumbness. Often the culprit is Poor Jerry himself. In the past fortnight his public performances have been so awkward one wonders whether he might not bollix up a two-float parade.

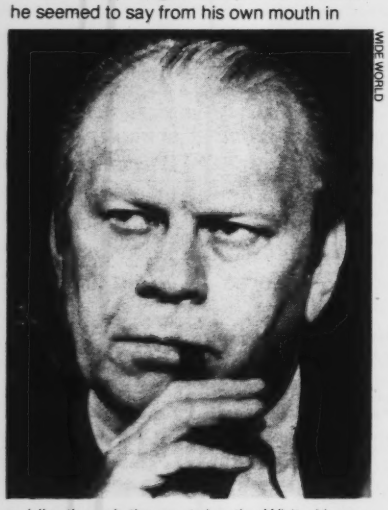
He chastised Congress for taking its traditional Lincoln's Birthday recess when economic conditions beg attention and much work remains. Then he sprinted to the nearest helicopter and lifted off to purely politic in Texas, Kansas and New York.

Next, he warned that the economy had gone plumb to hell in a hand-basket: unemployment would get worse, our belts might require tightenings for the next several years, we must acclimate to a lower standard of living. A few days later, before an audience of Wall Street moneymen, he recanted in scolding doom merchants and gloom salesmen while urging an optimism better reserved for boom times. Poor Jerry either is using two speechwriters who fail to consult each other or a powerful lot of mood-modifiers.

Then there was that incredible waltz across Texas with John Connally, a citizen under federal indictment and awaiting trial. Granted that Connally is innocent unless and until proven guilty, how does it look for a President of the United States to closet himself for 45 minutes with a man soon to be prosecuted by the President's lawyers? Will those lawyers—or potential jurors—perform as if that meeting had not occurred? Will they not be excessively aware that Connally remains in good odor with the President and might that not taint the prospects of dispensing a pure, impartial justice? Have we not lately uncovered enough Washington hanky-panky to believe in our skeptic's hearts that at least *one* of the two politicians at that Houston meeting may have been as interested in saving John Connally's ass as in saving the nation's?

Even if Poor Jerry and Honest John talked only of grave and pressing eonomic matters—as the White House insists—was this not the same Mr. Connally who, as secretary of the treasury, had no small hand in the Nixon economic policies or the lack thereof? If Honest John was so damn smart, then why ain't we all rich? Is it not like asking the man who threw you in the quicksand to please toss you a rope? Poor Jerry and his advisers had a tough time getting their stories straight, originally saying the meeting was somehow accidental—Connally just lurked around and then pounced when everbody else left—before later saying nope, Americans, it was deliberate on account of Honest John is so wise the Prez required his good counsel.

Will Poor Jerry run for reelection only if the economy is in good shape? That's what he seemed to say from his own mouth in



WIDE WORLD

public, though the next day the White House "clarified" Poor Jerry's remarks: he intends to run whether we are up to our hips in gold or breadlines. I do not know what salary the White House pays its official clarifier, though probably it isn't half enough for a man working all those hours.

Even when Poor Jerry hauls off and takes action, he fails to come off well. He, the Congress, economists and all people with common sense—outside Texas and Detroit—agree that we must use less fuel in our automobiles: driving must be curbed either by high gasoline taxes or rationing; huge gas-guzzling machines must be discouraged by a special tax or unspecified threats. Okay: so when Poor Jerry releases $2 billion in make-work funds, what is the money to be used for? Why, neighbors, of course: to build goddamn *highways*! Q.E.D.

Poor Jerry's former friends assault him. Chuck Colson, that new "Babe in Christ," as he is known to intimates of his prayer circle, no quicker cleared the slammer than he quoted Dick Nixon as saying it would require Poor Jerry two years "just to get up speed." This made two back-to-back former presidents who, bipartisanly, had gone on record indicating less than total admiration for Poor Jerry's capacities. A former vice-president, Hubert Humphrey, then blurted in a rare seizure of candor that as president "I don't want somebody who's honest and stupid—I prefer somebody who's a little shifty and smart." This probably gave heart to Nelson Rockefeller, who meets at least half of Mr. Humphrey's requirements.

Rocky himself is causing Poor Jerry trouble even if indirectly. Conservatives of the type who breed in caves met in Washington last week to applaud the notion of a third political party in 1976 because they fear Poor Jerry will somehow permit Nelse the Terrible to outwit him and take charge. Though the Neanderthal Republicans met to overthrow Poor Jerry, they complained that he failed to call on their convention or at least send telegrams or flowers. Probably this was the smartest thing the President did not do since assuming office.

The unkindest cut came, however, when the good samaritan Colson also let it leak that Nixon feared Poor Jerry might be incapable of controlling Dr. Kizzinger. Some White House adviser apparently told Poor Jerry to get up early and go out into the cold, seeing the mad doctor off to the Mideast in terms that would make it perfectly clear who really is in charge. Poor Jerry got it all confused. He made a near-dawn speech at the airport comparing Kizzinger to the better saints, philosophers and statesmen of the ages. Ze gud doctor, who izn't very good at all zis modesty buzzinez, beamed and grinned and preened himself, coming dangerously close to strutting in place, while Poor Jerry shined everything but his shoes. It was enough to make even the flint-hearted feel sorry for Poor Jerry, for Michigan and for Yale.

If you're thinking about putting together a hi-fi system first take it apart in your mind.

The quality sound of high fidelity components will give you years of enjoyment—if you choose your system wisely in the beginning.

To help you choose wisely, the Institute of High Fidelity has published the *"Official Guide to High Fidelity."* Written in easy-to- understand language. the Guide's abundantly illustrated 176 pages will help you appreciate true high fidelity sound — and give you all the information you need to make an intelligent buying decision. EXTRA! Earn a handsome Certificate of Audio Achievement and ID Card entitling you to many valuable benefits, when you pass a test included in the book.

Just send $2.00 check or money order to cover cost, postage and handling — and it's yours.

INSTITUTE OF HIGH FIDELITY

Acoustic Research Inc. • Altec • Audio Dynamics Corp. • Audio Times • Bose Corp. • Bozak • B.I.C. Turntables/Speaker Systems • BSR (USA) Ltd. • Cerwin-Vega Inc. • C/M Laboratories • Crown International • Dokorder Inc. • Dual (United Audio Products) • Dynaco Inc. • Electro-Voice • Elpa Marketing Industries Inc. • Empire Scientific Corp. • Ess Inc. • Fisher Radio • FM Guide • Harman-Kardon Inc. • High Fidelity Trade News • Hitachi Sales Corp. • Infinity Systems Inc. • JBL Loudspeakers • Jensen Sound Laboratories • JVC • Kenwood Electronics Inc. • Koss Corp. • Maxell Corp. of America • Maximus Sound • Miracord (Benjamin Sound) • Nikko • North American Philips Corp. • Pickering Cartridges/Headsets • Pioneer Electronics • Rectilinear Speaker Systems • Sansui • Scintrex Inc. • H. H. Scott Inc. • Sherwood Electronic Labs • Shure Brothers Inc. • Sony Corp. of America • Soundcraftsmen • Stanton Cartridges/Headsets • Stereo Review • Superex Stereophones • Sylvania • Tandberg of America Inc. • Tannoy (America) Ltd. • TDK Electronics Corp. • TEAC • Technics by Panasonic • Utah Electronics.

INSTITUTE OF HIGH FIDELITY, INC.
516 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send me a copy of Official Guide to High Fidelity. Attached is $2.00 to cover cost, postage, handling.

Name

Address

City/State Zip

(Send no cash or stamps)

Shriver considering presidential bid

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

Prodigal son-in-law

There might be a Kennedy candidacy in '76, after all. Well, sort of. A source close to the family reports that two weeks ago Sargent Shriver, the final Democratic '72 vice-presidential nominee and erstwhile Kennedy in-law, approached Ted and Rose Kennedy for their reaction to the possibility of his making a run for the roses next year. According to the source, Shriver was told, diplomatically, that, while there would be no family veto, his plan was "unrealistic."

What's in a face?

The faces may change in Congress but the story remains the same. A check of campaign finance records shows that Representative Al Ullman of Oregon, the new chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, received two large gifts on election day, and three gifts of $1,000 apiece shortly thereafter. Ullman had minimal opposition in 1974

WIDE WORLD

Ullman: business as usual

PHOTOGRAPH BY MCNEELY/MAGNUM

Shriver: the least reluctant Kennedy

and his campaign records show a surplus of nearly $25,000. The late gifts came from the Life Insurance Political Action Committee, the Bankers Political Action Committee and Texas millionaire H. Ross Perot. The insurance and banking industries are affected by a broad range of legislation considered by Ways and Means, and Perot has made a fortune processing Medicare claims, another Ways and Means area. The election day gifts came from the Securities Industry Campaign Committee and from the Opticians Committee for Political Education. The latter has strongly opposed any national health insurance legislation, a measure which would have to be reported out of Ways and Means.

Sneak attack

The Pentagon is once again pushing for funds to develop biochemical warfare devices. Buried deep in the Defense Department's budget request is an item seeking $2 billion for a Navy-Air Force binary bomb to be used, according to the Pentagon, "only" in retaliation against a chemical warfare attack on this country.

A binary bomb involves the mixture of two non-toxic chemicals into a lethal combination. In the bomb, the two chemicals would be mixed as the device was released from an airplane. Some scientists fear that a binary reaction might also be triggered by the motion of the plane or any disturbance of the bomb.

This new bit of hardware is an addition to the Army's extensive biochemical warfare program, budgeted at $12.3 billion in the new request.

The Johnson dynasty?

One of the most interesting Senate races in 1976 may be the brawl over the seat now held by 61-year-old Harry Flood Byrd of Virginia. Byrd ran and won last time as an Independent, and the Democrats are already lining up for the chance to take him on this time around. Retired admiral Elmo Zumwalt is taking private soundings about a potential candidacy. Perennial populist candidate Henry Howell is also considering a race. But perhaps most interesting among the names being mentioned is that of Chuck Robb, son-in-law of the late Lyndon Johnson. Robb, married to Lynda Bird, is a lawyer for Democrat National Committee Treasurer Edward Bennett Williams' Washington firm and lives in northern Virginia. An ambitious and attractive young man, Robb has recently been building up his credentials as a Virginia politico by campaigning for candidates in the area.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RENE BURRI/MAGNUM

Lynda and Chuck: Senator Robb?

Packing the commission

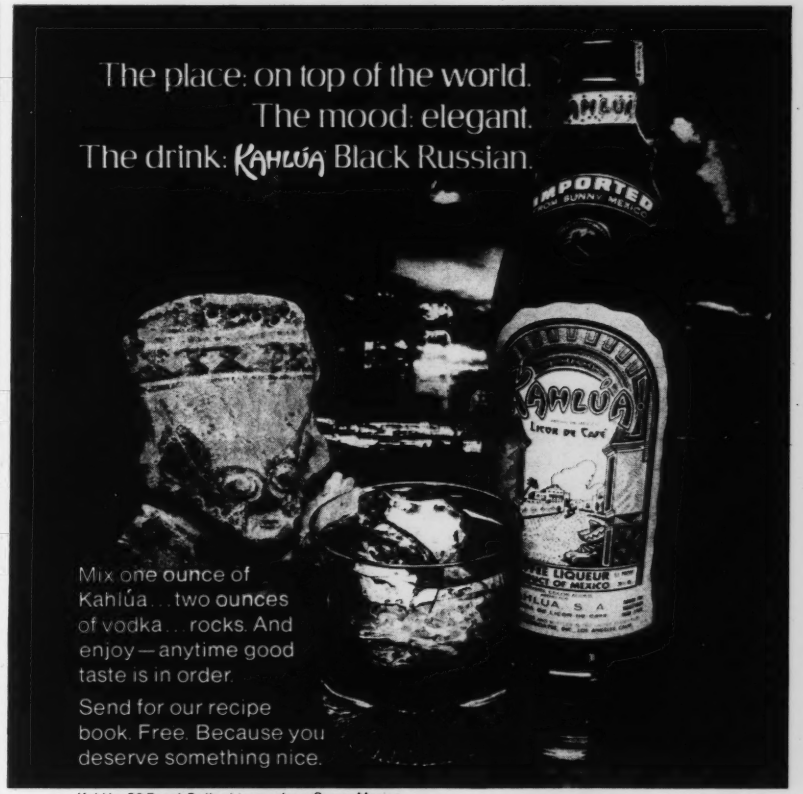
The campaign reform legislation passed by Congress last year under pressure is not proving to be the boon to clean government it was intended to be.

The act set up a Federal Election Commission to investigate possible campaign finance violations, and reformers had been assured by congressional leaders and the White House that the six-member commission—two members each nominated by the House, Senate and President—would be filled with good people. No way. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield's choice was one Joseph Meglen of Billings, Montana. Meglen's chief claim to fame is that he has served as the campaign treasurer for Mansfield and other state Democrats. Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott then weighed in with his choice: one Joan Aikens of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. Ms. Aikens is a Republican Party hack with a background in fashion and public relations. House Republican Leader Rhodes is reportedly weighing ex-Wis. Congressman Harold Froehlich, defeated in November, as his choice.

The latest nominee to the commission is former Rhode Island Congressman Robert Tiernan, who was defeated in his state's Democratic primary last fall. According to congressional sources, Tiernan heavily lobbied House Majority Leader Thomas "Tip" O'Neill for the post. O'Neill designated Tiernan as his choice in early January despite the fact that the majority leader was aware that Tiernan had accepted $1,000 in late (mid-December) contributions from the Seafarers Union to help pay off campaign debts. Among the first cases the commission will hear is one involving the Seafarers.

Another possible conflict for Tiernan, according to a Rhode Island newspaper, is his determination to maintain his law practice—in spite of the fact that commission jobs were set up as full-time, $36,000 positions. Moreover, a law practice could mean conflicts of interest with campaign contributors who are also clients.

So far the White House has not made its choices officially known, but it is rumored around Washington that former Mississippi Governor John Bell Williams is a leading contender for one slot. Black congressmen have already protested, but a White House source maintains that Williams' name is "still active in our consideration."


The place: on top of the world.
The mood: elegant.
The drink: KAHLÚA Black Russian.
IMPORTED
KAHLÚA
Licor de Café
Mix one ounce of Kahlúa... two ounces of vodka... rocks. And enjoy—anytime good taste is in order.
Send for our recipe book. Free. Because you deserve something nice.
Kahlúa. 53 Proof. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico.
Maidstone Importers, 116 No. Robertson Blvd. Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.

If only he'd bought her a New Times T Shirt...
...in red, navy blue or orange.
Small, medium, large & X-large.
$3.95 plus 50¢ postage & handling.
For yours, send to:
"T-Shirt"
NEW TIMES
One Park Ave.
New York
NY 10016.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANN PHILLIPS

Abzug: an intimidating boss

Boss Bella

Her seniority in Congress enabled Rep. Bella Abzug (D.-N.Y.), in her third term, to recently assume chairmanship of the strategic House Government Operations Subcommittee on government information. But as a result, a number of other congressmen and male staff aides refused to stay with the panel. Bella's being a women was the least of her problems. More important, according to sources on the Hill, her flippant manner has earned her a reputation as a boss "impossible to work with."

"Republicans who served on the subcommittee just begged off," says Rep. John Erlenborn of Illinois, who last term served as ranking subcommittee Republican. "No Democrat would agree to serve either—for 24 hours." They finally relented, however. Still, Bella lost the subcommittee staff, except for a female aide. Staff director Bill Phillips, for one, turned down her offer to stay aboard at a $36,000 salary.

Well red

As the solemn occasion of the country's 200th birthday draws closer, small governmental decisions take on a prophetic cast. For the first time in the history of the Republic, the Office of the Management and Budget has allowed red ink to be used on the cover of one of its publications—President Ford's budget. And why not? Interest payments on our public debt—$36 billion for the current fiscal year—are almost equal to the total federal revenue collected in 1950.

Kissing off the environmentalists

The Ford administration has revived a controversial energy siting plan, originally dropped by the Nixon administration in the face of widespread opposition. The plan, which appears as Title VIII in Ford's energy package to Congress, would prevent individual states and localities from deciding whether they want nuclear power plants, oil refineries and other energy facilities in their back yards, and leave decision-making power with the Federal Energy Agency (FEA).

No less than four different federal agencies, including the Environmental Protection Agency and the Department of the Interior, opposed the plan, which has also aroused violent opposition from environmental groups. Apparently the FEA, which has continually requested an omnipotent siting plan, turned Ford's head.

Tales of Timahoe

Whether or not the White House tapes are ever released on LPs, it is becoming apparent that Richard Nixon sells records. A 45 rpm recording by a Chattanooga, Tennessee, optician, featuring a narration in praise of the former president to the accompaniment of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic,"

UPI

recently became, within three days of its release, the hottest single in the Chattanooga area. The optician, Stephen Adams, says he spent $2,000 to cut the record—which includes an attack on the way the press covered Watergate—to "see that the good Richard Nixon did is not forgotten."

Another single, a deadly serious lament to the departed president called "The Ballad of King Timahoe," is scheduled for release shortly. "Timahoe" is the work of Nicholas Walshe of Cliffside, New Jersey, who has been promoting his song with a demonic passion that would do Mr. Nixon proud. Among the promotional pieces Mr. Walshe has scattered about is one which describes the song thusly: "A song about . . . a President's dog . . . and a nation's future. A song about gladness and sadness . . . loneliness and hope . . . beauty and pain . . . loyalty and regrets. THE BALLAD OF KING TIMAHOE. More than a song . . . it's a metaphor for America. Now."

Biting the bullet

A group of suburban Chicago housewives might just succeed where two generations of well-meaning congressional types have failed. In an ingenious back-door maneuver, the women, calling themselves the Committee for Handgun Control, have come within one step of effectively placing handguns under legal control. Their tactic, quite simply, has been to ignore guns themselves and go after bullets. In December, after a year-long fight in the courts, Federal District Judge Thomas Flannery ruled that ammunition is hazardous as defined by the Hazardous Substances Act, and that the federal Consumer Products Safety Commission would be within its power to outlaw or regulate its sale. Consequently, the commission is now soliciting public reaction on the advisability of banning ammunition and within months, will issue a ruling.

The gun lobby, for its part, was caught short by the move to ban bullets, but it has now recovered and is launching a major counteroffensive. Spurred by editorials in such publications as *Guns and Ammo* and by circulars from gun clubs, gun enthusiasts have inundated commission headquarters in Washington with mail opposing any restriction on the sale of ammunition. Moreover, as an insurance measure, the lobby has persuaded Senator James McClure (R-Idaho) to introduce a bill (S-143) exempting ammunition from the commission's jurisdiction. Such a bill—and, based on the record, its passage would seem likely—would, of course, render any ruling by the commission inoperative.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WARING ABBOTT

A dangerous substance?

The joke's on Jerry

Things have gotten so bad for Jerry Ford lately that even network quiz show contestants, as apolitical a species as walks the earth, are now taking potshots at him. A couple of weeks back on CBS's *The Joker's Wild*, where players bet an amount determined by the number of jokers that appear on a slot machine-type device, a contestant pulled the lever and came up with but one joker. The other two spaces were filled by quiz categories: President Ford and rocks and minerals. The contestant didn't bat an eyelash. "I'll bet on the two jokers," he said, much to the delight of the studio audience.

MEDIA

Bountiful bylines

Over the years, both *Time* and *Newsweek* have tried various formulas that might help them break out of the traditional group-journalism mold: by-lined boxes, bylines buried within stories to credit reporters and the occasional signed cover story. Last month, *Newsweek* decided to go much further by running bylines with virtually every story, mentioning both the writers and reporters. But first, Oz Elliott, the editor of *Newsweek,* thought he would warn Henry Grunwald, the editor of *Time,* of his move. As it turned out, Grunwald was off in the Mideast and did not get the letter until the new by-line policy had already been instituted, but upon his return he sent off his reply:

Dear Oz, it was very thoughtful of you to let me know in advance about your new byline policy. It's an interesting experiment, and I wish you every success for it.

But that was not the real message of the letter. That came below Henry's signature, in a none-too-subtle takeoff on the inevitable awkwardness of *Newsweek*'s new policy. Below his name Grunwald wrote: with MAUREEN MINGLE at the typewriter, the *Time* MAIL-ROOM CREW in the basement, and Postmaster BAILAR in Washington.

SEVENTIES

In search of black gold

A delegation of seven from the Southern Conference of Mayors, an association of black mayors headquartered in Atlanta, Ga., is planning a trip to a number of Arab countries. Their goal, according to Mayor Eristus Sams of Prairie View, Texas, is to convince some of the oil-rich citizens of such countries as Saudi Arabia that it would be a wise move to invest some of their spare cash in towns like Prairie View.

"I think we could convince them that we're a good place for agriculture investments—maybe something like grain or some canning factories," says Sams of his town of 5,000 people 50 miles from Houston. "I can tell them about how we have the facilities for training or teaching with Prairie View University," he adds. "And we have good rainfall here. They don't seem to get much more than about 10 inches a year over in those countries.

"I'm going to be talking for all the towns in our group, but I'm also going to be trying to take care of old number one as best I can," he chuckles.

Prairie View, however, is a town racked by political dissension. The town council has not met in more than six months because of bickering over governmental philosophies. As one resident of the town observes, "I don't know why any Arab would want to invest in this place."

Oral fixations

Just when everybody was saying that the Pornography Revolution had gone as far as it could go, some enterprising entrepreneurs have taken it farther still.

Operating out of a modest storefront in Chicago's Loop, Just Filmz, Inc., is doing turnaway business selling a new brand of *oral sex* to its off-the-street clientele. The customer has his pick of seven women to accompany him to a private back room and talk dirty to him for 20 minutes. The going rate is $15 for plain hot nasties, $20 for topless cheap talk and $25 for a completely nude earful.

Owner Jason Irwin claims over 200 customers a week, about a third of whom are repeat business. Where does he go to recruit his female help? So far, Irwin has had great luck with the phone company. Seems the operators are "naturals" in this line of work.

If this brand of entertainment leaves the customer with a taste for something more substantial, oral gratification awaits him around the corner on Rush Street, where The French Pastry Shop is located. In this quaint establishment he can move to yet *another* back room and feast his eyes on a array of PORNOGRAPHIC CAKES! Proprietor William Hoffman bakes to order and offers five basic models to fit any occasion: the Naked Man, the Naked Woman, Bosoms, Rear End and the perennial favorite, the Penis.

HEALTH

By Marlon Steinmann

Clear eyes, healthy hearts

You may get a clue to your risk of having a heart attack by looking yourself in the eye. A number of people have an opaque, whitish ring—called a "corneal arcus"—on their cornea (the clear covering over the iris and pupil). Dr. Ray Rosenman of Mount Zion Hospital and Medical Center, in San Francisco, and associates have completed an eight-and-a-half year follow-up study of 3,152 men to assess the significance of this corneal arcus. The group of men with the arcus, Dr. Rosenman reports in *The New England Journal of Medicine,* had nearly twice the incidence of heart attacks as the group without. Apparently the same physiological mechanism that causes the arcus also causes the buildup of fatty, atherosclerotic deposits in heart tissue—leading to a heart attack.

POST SCRIPTS

Peter Reilly (Feb. 8, March 22, 1974)

Peter Reilly, the 19-year-old high school student convicted last spring of slashing his mother to death, is free on a $60,000 bond pending appeal. He is a senior at Housatonic Valley High School in Falls Village, Connecticut, and lives with Mr. and Mrs. Marion Madow, the couple who took him in during the trial.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM BARTHEL

Reilly: on appeal

Reilly's case generated considerable controversy, and a bond fund was set up for him more than a year ago. Last May, after his conviction, he was given a 6- to 16-year sentence by Superior Court Judge John Speziale and freed the same day. The next deadline in the case is March 5, when Reilly's lawyers must file any additional details of his appeal with the Connecticut Supreme Court.

Israel's ugly little war

By Judith Coburn

THE ARQOUB, SOUTHERN LEBANON—Rashaya Fuqhar, once a prosperous little village of 2,000 Christian Arabs, is now a near ghost town. Known for its simple but striking brown and tan pottery, its kilns are now cold. In the past year, five villagers have been killed and over 30 wounded by Israeli air and artillery bombardment. The pottery factory has been smashed by bombs. Scores of others have been damaged by shelling. Hundreds of the village's residents are now refugees, having fled to the slums of Sidon and Beirut to the north. Only 100 residents remain. A few of the villagers still farm, but most of them are afraid to because the fields are strafed.

We visit St. George's, the Greek Orthodox Church, now the center of life in the village. The dim interior is grimy but charming with its crowded display of 19 chandeliers donated by benefactors. After five straight days of bombing in May 1974, the residents who couldn't afford to flee left their houses and moved into the church. "We know it isn't really safe," admits the village mukhtar (mayor), "but people feel safer in one place. It is faith and some superstition that we won't be killed in God's place." But already cracks have appeared in the walls and roof from the impact of nearby shells. And in October, the roof caught on fire from an incendiary shell. In one end of the room, people have made beds of coffins.

A tour of the village shows the crumbling houses, abandoned possessions, a cemetery with shattered crosses and memorial wreaths blackened by air strikes. An old woman holds up an intact American-made shell, which seems to be a casing for dropping propaganda leaflets. She squints into the sun for the photographer beside her smashed house. Up the road, a threshing field is now marked by a burned-out tractor and a large blackened smear. Mrs. Fehda Gebran tells us how her husband, Elias, was killed August 7 in a bombing raid. She, her 15-year-old son and six others were wounded in the attack. Her hand and breast are still bandaged. She still weeps, two months later, describing the day. Her husband was the only wage earner in the family of nine; they now receive a little money from a newly formed charity group, the Council of the Whole South. We return to the village in silence.

No one talks about it—and it's easy to find excuses for it—but Israel's bombing of southern Lebanon has had a devestating effect on the civilian population. The ultimate casualty may be the Israeli claim to moral superiority

There are scores of villages like Rashaya Fuqhar in southern Lebanon. Beginning in 1968, and almost daily in recent months, the Israelis have subjected villages like Rashaya Fuqhar and a handful of Palestinian refugee camps in southern Lebanon to attacks by airplane, artillery, tanks and gunboats. Israeli commandos invade Lebanese villages and Palestinian refugee camps, forceably checking identifications, blowing up houses, killing villagers and taking prisoners.

The Israelis call the area "Fatahland"—it is "the Arqoub" to the Lebanese—and it is from this wild terrain, leading to the approaches of Mount Hermon, the Israelis say, that Palestinian commandos run their operations against Is-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK GODFREY/MAGNUM

Children in Rashaya Fuqhar seek protection in the town's most solid building, St. George's Church.

raeli border settlements and bases. The Israelis say that the purpose of their campaign against the South is to stop commando operations by killing all the commandos in the area or by pressuring the villagers to expel the guerrillas from their midst. The Israeli military command insists it is attacking only military targets—"bases" or "concentrations" of guerrillas—and kidnapping only members of terrorist groups and those Lebanese who work directly with them.

But, as Americans discovered in Vietnam, it is never quite that simple. Bombing is not a selective weapon. Intelligence about enemy presence in villages, especially when gathered by photo reconnaissance or foreign agents, is often faulty. A six-week investigation in Lebanon indicates that, as in Vietnam, large numbers of civilians are being caught in a net cast for guerrillas. We visited scores of Lebanese villages and five Palestinian refugee camps where hundreds of civilians—including women and children—had been wounded or killed. The Israelis are using the full range of sophisticated savagery known to our own military in Indochina: shells, bombs, phosphorous, incendiary bombs, CBUs and napalm. Much of it is supplied to the Israelis by the American aid program. Statistics are difficult to find and often inexact, but well-informed diplomats in Beirut and United Nations officials have compiled a surprising set of reliable numbers. They note the Israeli government reports about 800 Israelis have been killed in recent years in terrorist attacks, but they estimate that the Israelis have killed about 3,500 people in their raids on villages and refugee camps in Lebanon, Syria and Jordan. The Lebanese government says 301 Lebanese civilians were killed and 682 Lebanese wounded in Israeli attacks between January 1968 and August 1974, most of them in the last year. Figures for Palestinian civilians killed are not available, but observers estimate they must be at least twice as high as for the Lebanese.

Our travels in the area also suggest that the Israeli campaign has not been successful in isolating the guerrillas. Indeed, as in Vietnam, it appears to have enhanced their credibility. Only a few Lebanese we spoke with blamed the Palestinians for the bombing. A comment by one man from Rashaya Fuqhar is typical, "Now that the Israelis are bombing our village, too, we see what the Palestinians have suffered all these years." As for the Palestinians, the bombing seems to have increased their bitterness and strengthened the hand of the political groups who favor bloodshed over compromise.

Israeli planes aiming for a nearby refugee camp hit this housing project in Sidon.

In light of the failure of the Israeli policy to achieve its announced goals, there is considerable speculation that the bombing might have another purpose. Most Lebanese and some diplomats in Beirut believe that the Israelis are pursuing a "scorched earth" policy in southern Lebanon designed to drive all population from the area and establish a DMZ. "Why burn crops, unless that's the purpose?" asks one high official of the Lebanese Foreign Ministry. "The commandos buy *their* supplies in Beirut anyway." Statements by Israeli officials do little to quiet these fears; last April, when he was still defense minister, Moshe Dayan told newspaper reporters that unless the Lebanese stopped the Palestinian raids, "We will step up the raids until the people find it impossible to live there. Their homes will be destroyed and the whole area will be deserted." And in a chilling echo of "Pentagonese," the Rabin government told Israelis last June that it was abandoning its previous policy of "retaliation" in southern Lebanon for a policy of "preemptive strikes."

The human suffering behind the antiseptic words is, as always, chilling:

—Ein el-Hilweh, a Palestinian refugee camp near Sidon, has been bombed countless times. Last June, a poor neighborhood of Lebanese and Palestinians, including a school, was leveled. Hundreds of refugees have moved into another school. "What will we do when classes begin?" wails a teacher. An old man pokes through the rubble of his house. Although the man is Lebanese, on the one wall that still stands hangs a cheap tinted portrait of Yasir Arafat.

—A young boy from near Rashaya Fuqhar says that last winter he and his friends found an intact shell, like the ones they collected and sold for lamps. But when he picked this one up, "a jelly ran out." He was badly burned on his leg, arm and hand.

—The road to Rashaya Fuqhar runs by a sparkling brook, and a cafe has been built over the water. But it has been smashed repeatedly by bombs. The last time, a bridal reception was taking place and the bride was killed.

—Along the same road, we pass damage from a raid that morning. A school has been hit. In the field across the way, an old Lebanese farmer tramps sadly through his olive grove. Some of the trees are ancient with huge girths. Many are shattered from bombs, others burned by phosphorous. "Every week I see more," says the old man of his trees, "sleeping like women on their sides."

A U.N. report on Nabatieh lists "60% destroyed, 20% badly damaged, 20% partly destroyed." Not one house has a roof

—Near Sidon we stop at a lemon grove, now home for three branches of an extended family of 43 Palestinian refugees. Their homes were destroyed in a raid June 20 on Ein el-Hilweh Camp. Six of the family—four children and two women—were killed. Now they are sleeping outside. Winter is coming and they are worried. The owner of the grove wants them to leave. They are his laborers, but he thought they would stay only until their homes were rebuilt. But the United Na-

tions says there is no money for rebuilding.

—Nabatieh Refugee Camp, the closest camp to the border. Here, as in other refugee camps we visit, the PLO makes no effort to hide evidence of armed soldiers in the camps. But at Nabatieh, as in the other camps, it is homes, clinics and schools that have been hit. Nabatieh was nearly leveled in an attack last May 16. A United Nations report says of the camp, "60 percent destroyed, 20 percent severely damaged and 20 percent partially destroyed." We see no houses with roofs, few with four walls.

Eighteen Palestinian refugees were killed that day and 91 were wounded. No one knows how many were civilians and how many were commandos. But officials from the United Nations Relief Works Agency (UNRWA), which manages the camps, doubt that many guerrillas were hurt because the PLO had tried to evacuate the camps the day before. "The people who were hurt were those who wouldn't leave their belongings. Thank God most did. It could have been a lot worse," says one UNRWA official. UNRWA estimates the rebuilding of Nabatieh will cost $1 million. "Just so they can bomb it again," sighs one official. But UNRWA itself has a $39 million deficit of its own just for operating expenses this year. So the fate of Nabatieh Refugee Camp is uncertain.

—Near Merj'Uyun, capital of the Arqoub, the depressing tour continues. We visit Ismail, a young goatherd shot the day before by an Israeli patrol, in the area's one hospital. He lies stiffly in sheets soaked with his own blood, seemingly still shattered by his misfortune. The nurse translates into French. He was tending his goats, saw the soldiers coming in a jeep. "I was frightened—they take people—I ran—they shot." That is all. He doesn't know why the soldiers fired, why they came. He doesn't know any Palestinians, except "they are Arabs." The room is a crush of onlookers, gawking at the Americans. "Why American planes to the Israelis?" drones a young hospital attendant in my ear. We leave the room. The nurse reports the hospital sees several hundred casualties from the Israeli attacks every year, more recently. "In May and June [during the heaviest raids] we had people in the halls, even on the steps. We had to send the sick people home and the worst cases to Sidon and Beirut." She hesitates. "That young man will die. Half his back is gone."

TEL AVIV—In Israel the bombing and other operations in Lebanon are not an issue. The newspapers print one-paragraph items about the bombing of "guerrilla concentrations" in Lebanon. Raids are talked about as "retaliatory." Reporters with questions about the raids are treated with hostility. After weeks of insistence, I finally received an interview with an Israeli general who is the top briefer for the IDF, the Israeli Defense Forces. After putting the interview off-the-record, he answered my first question sarcastically. "What bombing?" Pressed further, he elaborated, "We have no security problem in the North." (Pause) "And besides there haven't been any in months." Told I had visited the south of Lebanon in the last month, he finally said, "We feel Lebanon is not exercising its duties as a sovereign state to control the Palestinian enclave in 'Fatahland.' If Lebanon has internal problems like this, she will have to bear the consequences." He insisted, as do all Israeli officials, that attacks are only on military targets and that the targets are "carefully pinpointed." Security prevented further discussion.

There is little dissent about the bombing in Israel. Most leftist critics of the government seem puzzled by questions about the bombing. "Unfortunate but necessary," is the standard line. Few people are aware, or believe, that civilians are being hurt. Only groups like the far-left Matzpen liken the bombing to U.S. policy in Indochina and argue that the end does not justify the means. However, in the wake of the recent rash of guerrilla operations, a few Israeli columnists have begun to point out the ineffectiveness of the operations against Lebanon, and suggest that the raids continue at least partly for domestic consumption. It is apparently difficult for the Israelis to believe, as it was for the Americans in Vietnam, that the

Israeli raids have resulted in 3,500 dead—and countless wounded.

strategic results of their firepower are negligible.

BEIRUT—The Israelis insist that Lebanon must bear the consequences for allowing the PLO to operate on her soil. But the fact is, the Lebanese are in trouble no matter what they do. Lebanon's tiny 12,000-man army and one-squadron air force are no match for the Israelis. Nor does she relish the prospect of an all-out confrontation with the Palestinians, after such a push in 1973 nearly caused a civil war in the country. The 1973 clash and an earlier one in 1969 left hundreds of casualties, civilian as well as military. In 1973 Lebanese leftists joined the Palestinians,

Ismail, a goatherd, shot by Israeli fire.

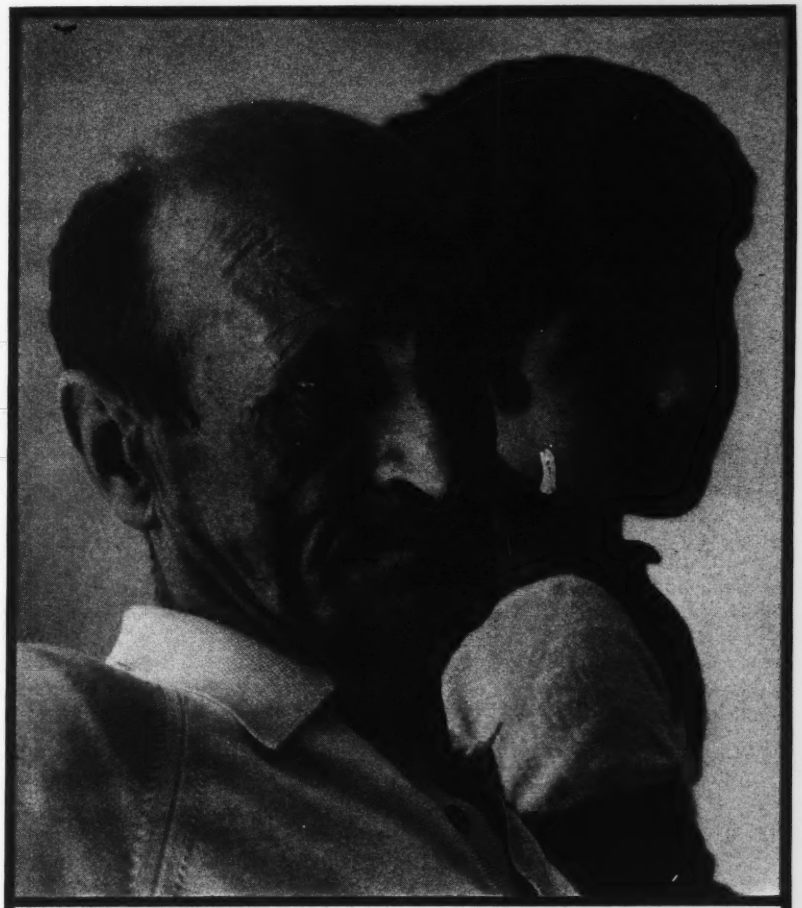
and several of Lebanon's private armies used the occasion to settle scores. A shaky truce was negotiated only after the Lebanese Air Force had bombed five Palestinian refugee camps near Beirut, wounding hundreds. Since then, the Lebanese have stepped up security, driving guerrilla military operations underground, while political and social welfare arms of the PLO continue to operate openly. It is the fervent but not naive hope of most Lebanese that the Palestinians will stop their raids in Israel. But until then, there is not much they can do. "If the huge Israeli forces can't stop the Fedayeen from coming in, how do they expect us to keep them from going out?" a young Lebanese captain asked plaintively. Individual incidents still occur between Lebanese security forces and the Palestinians, often precipitated by guerrillas refusing to show papers or trying to run the roadblocks in the South. Recently, newspapers were full of reports of a shoot out between Lebanese military police and a party of Palestinians on a deserted road.

On the international level as well, Lebanon must steer a straight course between the Scylla and Charybdis of her Arab neighbors and Israel. Each new round of attacks by Israel is followed by offers of arms, men and missiles from Egypt, Libya, Saudi Arabia and especially Syria. In recent months, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat has offered to station five squadrons of MIG-21 interceptors in Lebanon. Syria has offered soldiers and SA-6 antiaircraft missiles. (The PLO says the Syrians are already equipping the Palestinians with the shoulder-fired "Strella" missiles the U.S. found were so lethal to helicopters in Vietnam.) But the Lebanese have refused men and planes so far, fearing they would draw them further into the Mideast conflict. They fear Syrian troops for other reasons, too; there is a long history of Syrian interest in Lebanese territory. When the Lebanese bombed the camps in 1973, the Syrians sent large numbers of troops into Lebanon and cut off trade. A recurrent Lebanese nightmare has the Syrians and the Israelis dividing the tiny country.

Lebanon's inability to control the Palestinians or to protect her people from the Israelis has also had a political toll inside the country. Security problems were one of the factors in the fall of the most recent government last September. The crisis has brought demands from the right to expel the Palestinians and from the left to take up Syrian and Russian offers to construct a missile defense system for the country. The Beirut newspapers are regularly studded with reports of, on the one hand, agreement between the government and the PLO to curtail armed activities in the South and, on the other, meetings between PLO, Syrian and Lebanese officials about defense of the country. It is government by balancing act. In July the Lebanese got a ten-year, $1 billion commitment from Arab defense ministers to build up the Lebanese Army. The government successfully headed off a PLO demand that the money be channeled through the guerrilla organization. The government's failure to provide adequate security in the South has also added fuel to a quasi-separatist movement of the area's Shiite Muslims, who charge that they and the underdeveloped South are neglected by the government, which is dominated by Christians and Sunni Muslims.

On trips south, we see the ambiguity of relations between the Palestinians and the Lebanese. Almost no one in Lebanon believes that the PLO regularly uses Lebanese villages as staging areas for military operations. Villagers in the area, although they do not deny they have occasional contact with Palestinians, insist they give them no aid or quarter in their villages. The tensions that have been created by the bombing, in addition to competition that has grown up between the refugees and poor Lebanese for jobs, lead most observers to doubt guerrillas would adopt a Lebanese village as a permanent base. "Most Lebanese sympathize with the Palestinians," a local Lebanese official says, "but all they would need is one person who didn't to compromise their security." Lebanese intelligence is also said to have its own strong roots in many villages in the area.

A stronger case can be made that the guerrilla raids against Israel are run from the Palestinian refugee camps. Guerrillas certainly live in the camps. Planning sessions may be held in camps and arms may be stockpiled there. All visits are conducted by PLO guides, and most questions on military matters are turned aside for security reasons. But the camps, with their crowded quarters and well-developed grapevines, seem ill-suited for the launching of secret raids, even in spite of what seems to be near universal support for them in the camps. Most of the camps are relatively far from the border, near major Lebanese towns, and are closely watched from outside by Lebanese police. The one "operations" base we visited briefly was an abandoned house close to the border and nearly hidden in a grove of trees. Well-informed diplomats in Beirut believe that some of the Palestinian raids may be run from Syria, and a few from inside Israel itself by Palestinians still living there. Such reports, even if true, would not be acknowledged by the Israelis. They cannot pound Syria as they do Lebanon without risking a fifth Mideast war, and to admit raids are conducted by their own Arabs would be to concede that the Palestinians inside Israel



Phillip Abourezk, cousin of South Dakota's junior senator, and his son.

The senator and his cousins

U.S. Senator James Abourezk's (D-S.D.) parents, who came to this country 55 years ago, were born in the Lebanese village of Kfeir, deep in the Arqoub, and the senator still has relatives living there. Kfeir has been shelled and bombed by the Israelis intermittently since 1968. "Maalot makes the front pages," says the senator. "But the American press covers attacks in little one-inch snippets. Often they don't name the village. I never know," says Abourezk. The senator last visited his cousins in December 1974 in Kfeir before the recent step-up in bombing.

Since then five people have been killed and several wounded in Kfeir. In June half of the villagers fled, but now all but 10 percent have returned. In late September we drove into the foothills to visit the Abourezks.

Philip Abourezk, the family's patriarch in Kfeir, invited us in. He introduced us to his friend, who lost his wife, two children and his brother in one day's raids last summer. The worry now is the harvest. Crops and groves have been bombed and burned by phosphorous; after one man was killed in the fields, most of the residents are afraid to leave the village. The message for the senator: "Can't they stop the bombing for the harvest?"

Abourezk has been the one U.S. senator to criticize the bombing in Lebanon. "Where are the doves who protested bombing and civilian casualties in Indochina?" Abourezk asks. More recently, he comdemned the U.S. supply of anti-tank weapons to Lebanon as an escalation of the arms race there.

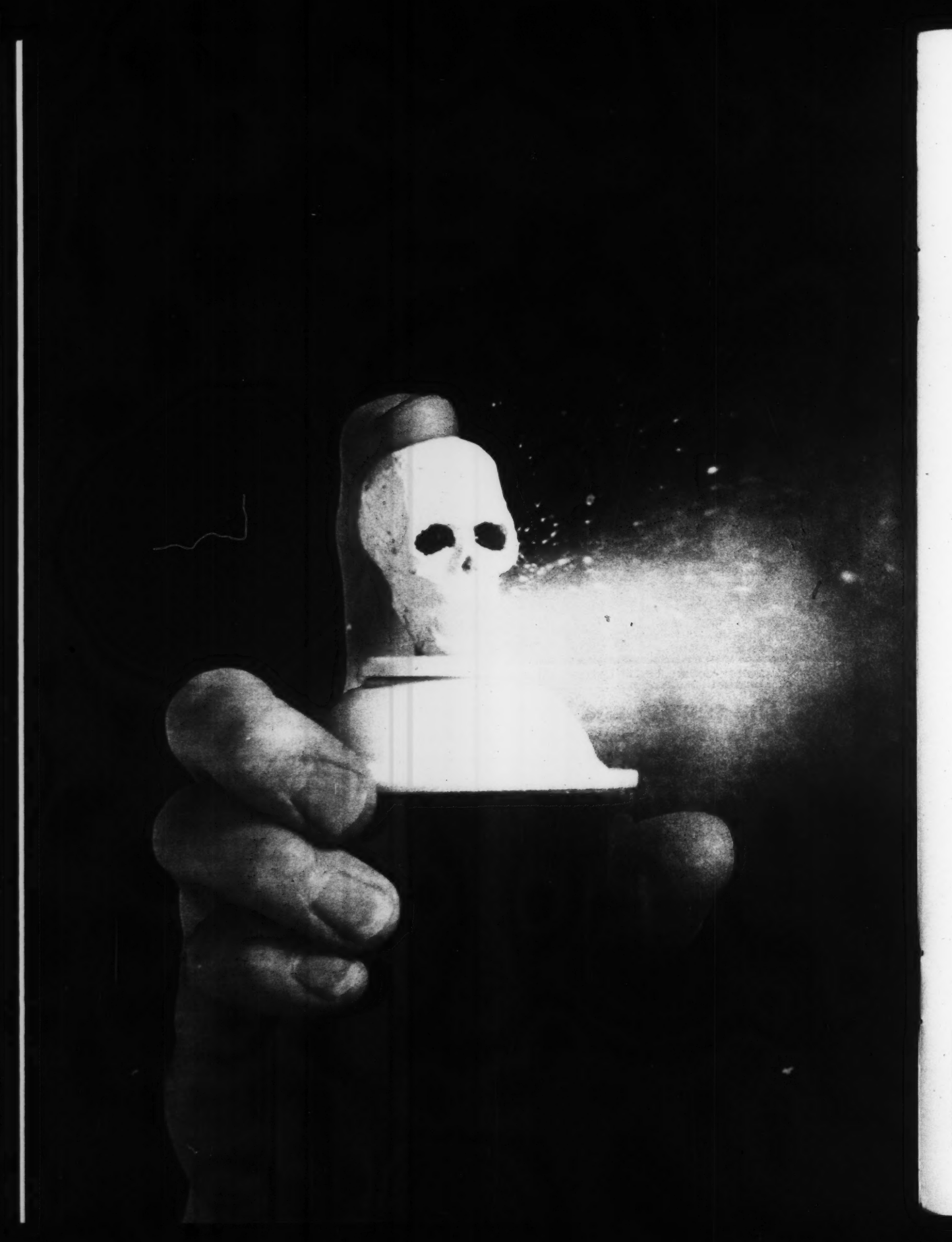
Philip Abourezk shows us around the house. Deep cracks have appeared in the walls and foundation from the shelling. In our taxi the family piles our laps with the deep red grapes hanging from an arbor over their porch. "Goodbye, goodbye, tell Jim not to worry," they call after us.

are not as happy as the government insists they are.

American officials in Beirut agree the raids on Lebanon are largely ineffective. "We discovered in Indochina that bombing couldn't even stop large movements of men and supplies," says one official. "It certainly can't stop three-man raiding teams." But the bombings have become so routine that virtually no one—and certainly not the Americans—wastes much time protesting them. "Frankly, I don't think it's much of an issue," says one embassy official in Beirut. "The Israelis make it clear they will continue the attacks, and continue them whether or not there are fewer cross-border raids." (In recent months, as the PLO has reached for respectability, there have, in fact, been fewer Palestinian raids—about one a month—while Israeli attacks have been almost daily.) Another U.S. official told me, "Goida Meir first said there were no Palestinians. Now the Israelis admit there are Palestinians, but no Palestinian civilians."

But the balance of terror in Lebanon may not be so stable in the future. It is a real possibility that the situation there could trigger the new Mideast war that so many Israelis and Arabs expect. In recent weeks, the heaviest ground fighting yet between Israeli commandos, Palestinian guerrillas and Lebanese soldiers has broken out. The Lebanese Army is now getting more advanced anti-tank weapons from the American government, presumably to defend itself against the tanks we send the Israelis. The Palestinians are now stockpiling "Strella" missiles, increasing the likelihood that the Israelis will begin to lose planes over Lebanon. And with chances of a permanent Mideast agreement receding, there is a good chance that the Palestinians will step up raids into Israel. If that happens, few doubt that the Israelis would at least consider an invasion of Lebanon, a move that would surely prompt Syrian intervention on a massive scale. It is a scenario that is only too plausible.

In the meantime, the toll of civilian casualties builds slowly, inexorably. The bombing has become so routine that it goes largely unreported in the American press, a fact that amazes European reporters on the scene, who devote equal space to Arab and Israeli suffering. But the truth is, American editors like their violence spectacular, and after years of reporting the news from Indochina, Americans don't get terribly excited about air strikes anymore. Which is why very few Americans know or care that last year, in southern Lebanon, there were civilian casualties equal to Maalot every month. ●



Not with a bang, but with a psssssst!

By Michael Drosnin

An obscure scientist doing routine research work discovers that a common household product, long thought harmless, has a disastrous delayed effect capable of destroying all life on this planet by the year 2000. The huge amount of product X already manufactured will eventually claim thousands of lives. But an immediate ban will save thousands more—and doomsday can be averted.

The scientist warns the world. A few newspapers pick up the story, but most ignore it. The government takes no action, and industry increases its output of the popular product X. The warning has been all but forgotten when, months later, three major scientific studies all confirm the ominous threat. Television networks broadcast the dire news, newspapers headline it.

We've all seen the movie, and we know what happens next. The entire world swings into action. Cut to Washington, Moscow, Paris, London, Tokyo, the United Nations. Product X factories everywhere are shut down. The scientist is hailed as a hero. Mankind is saved.

Wrong. The world does not swing into action. The factories are not shut down. And one other thing—it's not a movie.

Doomsday by the year 2000. The threat *is* real, but the supposed agent of our destruction is too improbable to be taken seriously. How can a world that has lived three decades with the specter of nuclear annihilation believe it will be done in by a blast of hair spray or underarm deodorant?

Believe it or else: aerosol sprays are the deadly product X. The propellant gases they release may be a time bomb. Harmless in the air we breathe, these gases slowly rise miles above the earth where years later they apparently attack the ozone, the layer of the upper atmosphere that protects us from the sun's most lethal ultraviolet rays. Without that ozone shield, man could not survive.

Aerosols? Ozone? Ultraviolet rays? "It does sound like an elaborate put on, the bad joke of a mad scientist," agrees F. Sherwood Rowland, the University of California chemistry professor who discovered the bizarre menace. "Sometimes I look out the window, everything *seems* pretty much in order, and I have to ask myself, 'Can this really be true?' "

Scientists sounded the doomsday warning on aerosol cans over a year ago. Since then, production has increased 10 percent

The short answer is that we won't know for sure until it's too late. Because the effect is delayed and difficult to measure, it will be impossible to prove that aerosols destroy the ozone until the consequences are horrendous. But three research groups—at Harvard, the University of Michigan and the National Center for Atmospheric Research—have independently confirmed Rowland's calculations. All available evidence shows that he is right, and there is no evidence that he is wrong.

In fact, aerosols have probably already doomed more people than were killed by the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima. Even an immediate ban would not save them. The millions of tons of fluorocarbons already sprayed cannot be removed from the atmosphere. Scientists believe the gases have begun to destroy the ozone and will deplete it further over the next decade. That will allow enough ultraviolet radiation to reach the earth's surface to cause 150,000 skin cancers in just one year. The annual death toll will be 6,000. And neither the ozone nor the cancer rate will return to normal for at least a century.

Each year aerosol production continues the consequences become more severe and less predictable. Obviously, the number of cancer victims will increase dramatically. So, too, will the number of men and women having the wrinkled, discolored skin of 70-year-olds when they're only 40 or 50. As the ultraviolet grows even more intense, blinding cataracts will become common.

Up to a point, of course, humans can protect themselves—if the situation gets extreme—by becoming a nocturnal species. However, ultraviolet rays are harmful to all living things, and man cannot outlive his environment. The most dangerous wavelengths break down DNA—the basic building blocks of life—exposing all plants and animals to injury, death and genetic mutation. In fact, it is likely that the first primitive organisms did not emerge from the sea until protected by the development of the ozone shield hundreds of millions of years ago.

"This is not a matter of a few additional random people dying unfortunately by walking across the street at the wrong time," says Harvard professor Michael McElroy, a leading atmospheric physicist. "We are talking about people, animals, plants, the entire system impacted in a way we cannot now predict with certainty."

If the worst fears about aerosals are confirmed, at some point there will be a catastrophic break. When or where is hard to say, but its impact will be global. When

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

the crunch comes, it may be obvious—the simultaneous destruction of several major food crops, perhaps. Or the telling blow may be more subtle—decimation of the ocean's plankton (and with it, most other marine life), or disruption of bacteria essential to the life cycle. "It seems reasonable that many organisms may be living at the edge of their capability to protect themselves," says Stanford biologist Kendric Smith, who directed a recent National Academy of Sciences study of ultraviolet effects. "There might well be a key link in the plant-animal food chain on the brink right now—we just don't know."

Or the end may be fire *and* ice. A major depletion or redistribution of the ozone could radically alter global climate—even to the extent of bringing on a new ice age. Ultraviolet radiation of such searing intensity that farmers would have to plow what fields survived at night, while glaciers thousands of feet thick leveled cities across Europe and North America. "It's not likely. The chances are about 1 in 10. But I don't think we ought to risk it," says Stephen Schneider, a meteorologist at the National Center for Atmospheric Research.

By the year 2000, as much as one-third of the ozone shield may be destroyed by aerosol sprays. The handful of scientists who understand the problem best agree that life on this planet might not be able to sustain the impact.

"We are talking about the end of the world—doomsday in 25 years," says Thomas M. Donahue, a space research pioneer who chairs the atmospheric sciences department at the University of Michigan. "Our system could not adapt to a disruption in a matter of decades of a balance that took several hundred million years to evolve.

"I'm not saying that some forms of life wouldn't survive in unusual protected conditions, but essentially it would be doomsday—certainly the end of mankind," warns Donahue. "The general public and the media may not be taking it seriously, but scientists are."

It was in the fall of 1973 that Sherry Rowland started the research that led to his remarkable finding. "It began as a typical academic study," he recalls. "We were trying to figure out something of no possible interest to anyone but other scientists."

A year earlier, while at a Ft. Lauderdale conference of chemists and meteorologists, Rowland heard that a British scientist, James Lovelock, had found that nearly all the fluorocarbons ever produced were still in the atmosphere. "The presence of these compounds constitutes no conceivable hazard," Lovelock reported. He suggested that the inert gases—widely known by their DuPont brand name Freon—might be useful as tracers for air movements.

Rowland forgot about fluorocarbons for a year, but then, in need of a subject for an Atomic Energy Commission research grant, decided to find out what eventually happened to the long-lasting gases. He soon realized that nature has no way of destroying freons on the earth or in the lower atmosphere. The propellants, he concluded, therefore must rise into the stratosphere, where they would be broken down by ultraviolet rays, releasing chlorine.

Unknown to Rowland (a chemistry professor with no background in atmospheric sciences), three separate research groups had concluded three months earlier that chlorine injected into the stratosphere would set off a catalytic chain reaction in which a single chlorine atom could destroy 10,000 ozone molecules. But they all decided that their findings were not important because there were no major sources of chlorine in the stratosphere.

Meanwhile, Rowland, who knew there was a major source—Lovelock's harmless fluorocarbons—independently discovered the chlorine-ozone chain reaction. "I kept saying to myself, 'This looks big,' but I hadn't read anything about it, so I figured there must be some flaw."

Just after Christmas 1973 Rowland met with Harold Johnston, the Berkeley professor who two years earlier had first focused attention on the ozone by sounding the alarm on the SST. Johnston told him of the three unpublished experiments confirming chlorine's devastating effects on the ozone shield.

"There was no moment of Eureka! really," says Rowland. "I just came home one night and told my wife, 'The work is going very well, but it looks like the end of the world.' "

For more than a year now we have known that there may be no greater threat to world survival than aerosol sprays. Yet no one seems to care and nothing has been done to avert disaster.

Hearings have been held, studies have been proposed, commissions have been formed—the latest, the Federal Inter-Agency Task Force on the Inadvertent Modification of the Stratosphere, meets in Washington Feb. 27—but no action has been taken and none is likely in the near future.

Two bills have been introduced in Congress, but both call for at least two years of study from the date of enactment before any possible aerosol ban. The actual delay would thus be at least three years—a wait which could doom another 150,000 persons per year to skin cancer, doubling the already inevitable toll. And neither bill is given much chance of pas-

COURTESY OF NASA

The ozone blanket: a thin blue line.

Drosnin's last piece for New Times *was on Guy Goodwin, Nixon's radical chaser.*

sage.

"Frankly, we're trying to sell something based on less than conclusive evidence," says Bob Maher, legislative aide to Florida Rep. Paul Rogers, sponsor of one of the bills. "People will ask why. They'll say this sounds like Buck Rogers. After all there's no *apparent* problem—I mean nobody is falling down dead."

The National Academy of Sciences last September appointed an ad hoc committee to assess "on an urgent basis" the threat posed by aerosols. A month later three of the panel's five members, including its chairman, Donald Hunten of the Kitt Peak National Observatory, urged an immediate freon ban and recommended an immediate full-scale study. "The best opinion," said Hunten at the time, "is that a problem is well on its way." Yet the Academy has still not even chosen members for the proposed study group.

In November the Natural Resources Defense Council petitioned the government to outlaw spray cans. Under law, the Consumer Product Safety Commission must either grant or deny the plea within 120 days. It will not meet the deadline. In three months the CPSC has not even managed to figure out if it has jurisdiction. "This may be something for the Environmental Protection Agency," says CPSC general counsel Michael Brown.

But at EPA, a spokesman calls it "an iffy situation." "We take care of the *lower* atmosphere, and this is an *upper* atmosphere problem," the spokesman explains, suggesting responsibility belongs instead to the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration. And Lester Machta, an NOAA director, says, "The freon/ozone predictions are still only a matter of speculation." "Regulatory action will require information, firm information not yet available," echoes Lloyd Tepper of the Food and Drug Administration.

While official Washington assures itself that no one need risk taking action—as if the important question were, What if the scientists are wrong? rather than, What if they're right?—evidence that aerosols threaten us all mounts steadily.

Air samples taken by high-flying planes prove that fluorocarbons have already reached the stratosphere, a 20-mile belt 10 miles above the earth where ozone is concentrated. Laboratory experiments have conclusively demonstrated that the two key chemical reactions do take place. The propellants always break down when exposed to the kind of high energy radiation encountered in the stratosphere. And the chlorine thus released does destroy ozone.

The only remaining question is whether these same reactions actually occur aloft. "There's no reason to doubt it," says Rowland. "If an egg dropped from our lab roof breaks, we can safely assume an egg would also break if dropped from the Empire State Building."

But it seems that the aerosol threat is just too bizarre, too far off and too complex to get political or bureaucratic attention. The danger is neither self-evident nor possible to prove. Besides, fluorocarbon-dependent industries are an $8 billion business employing 200,000 workers. That's something tangible everyone can understand. Especially during a recession with jobless workers marching on Washington. Ecology can wait.

If there were a public outcry, it might make a difference. But everybody's problem is nobody's problem—the entire world population simply does not make an effective pressure group. If just one city were endangered by ozone depletion, there would be a lobby of outraged potential victims. But as things stand, the only well-organized group with interests to protect is the aerosol industry.

Everybody's problem is nobody's problem—the entire world population simply does not make an effective pressure group

Blame for the absence of a public outcry is shared by the media and the scientific community. Nobody is going to believe in doomsday if it isn't in the headlines or on Walter Cronkite. But reporters shy away from complex science stories lacking in human interest. So ozone depletion becomes just another one of those ecology stories that pop up from time to time and then disappear. Few went near the aerosol story until the New York *Times* carried it—nine months after Rowland discovered the threat and three months after his findings appeared in a major scientific journal. On one occasion CBS tried to reach him, but when he called back the next day, "they said it wasn't news anymore."

Scientists themselves have failed to dramatize the full threat implicit in their findings. "We must be careful to cry wolf at the right time," explains Harvard's McElroy. But it might have more to do with the fact that the original discovery was made by a man outside the field, and that atmospheric sciences have seen lean times since the days of Pentagon and NASA free spending in the early '60s.

If they press now for an immediate aerosol ban, years of funding for studies of the problem may dry up. While Rowland and others have demanded quick action, several key men in the field have given their blessing to a delay. "If the scientific thinking is split on when something must be done, the government will always take the longest time period," says Rowland.

Finally, there's the problem that the issue is too big to fit neatly within any one bureaucracy's jurisdiction. Who's responsible for the ozone? Who's in charge of doomsday? And the problem is also too big for any one government. Fluorocarbons are manufactured by 25 companies around the world and their threat is a global threat. The United Nations doesn't even keep statistics on fluorocarbon production.

Meanwhile more aerosols—almost 6 billion cans—were manufactured last year than ever before. Virtually all the sprays, except shaving cream and food products, use the dangerous propellant gases. Production of fluorocarbons—also used in refrigeration and commercial air conditioning systems—reached record levels last year too, nearly a million tons. And at least 10 percent more will be dumped into the atmosphere this year.

Business is so good that DuPont, the world's largest fluorocarbon producer with half the U.S. market, is building a huge, new $100 million-plus factory in Corpus Christi, Texas, that will double the company's Freon output by 1980. Says Raymond L. McCarthy, DuPont's division manager, "I have faith in the biosphere acting to preserve life."

Even more frightening than the total failure to deal with the aerosol threat now that it's known is the staggering fact that fluorocarbons were being produced on a large scale for 25 years before Rowland's chance discovery. And no one even suspected the danger. How many more years would have passed until someone else recognized the menace? Would it have been too late?

There are 50,000 other common industrial chemicals now in use. The government regulates only the 450 which by chance have been found harmful. Each year 3,000 new chemicals are introduced untested into our environment. If one as seemingly innocuous as freon has proven so grave a risk, is there any question that others are secretly doing us damage?

Just how many other doomsday gases are waiting in the wings? ●

The little woman who fought back

By Mark Pinsky

It is not a pleasant story, but it is very old and very Southern. In the early morning hours of August 27, 1974, a 62-year-old white man was stabbed to death with an ice pick by a 20-year-old black woman in the little town of Washington, N.C. There's no dispute about that, and the woman will go on trial for life in connection with the slaying April 15, 1975. There is, however, considerable dispute over what the judge at the arraignment called "the rather peculiar circumstances" surrounding the death.

Clarence Thomas Alligood, the 62-year-old, heavyset night jailer at the Beaufort County, N.C., jail, was found dead at 4:05 a.m., lying face down on the bunk of Joan Little's cell, naked from the waist to the ankles, a yellow stain on his thigh, clutching a bloody ice pick in one hand and his pants in the other. Beneath his buttocks was a decorated, torn woman's kerchief, on the floor was a nightgown and on the cell door hung a brassiere. Little, who had been appealing a 7 to 10 year sentence for breaking and entering, was gone.

According to Joan (pronounced Jo-Ann) Little and her attorneys, this is what preceded the stabbing: Jailer Alligood, a former gravel truck driver described by one friend as "strong as an ox, but he wouldn't have mistreated a dog," took an ice pick from a desk drawer and carried it with him, along with some food, to a holding area just outside the two-cell women's section of the county jail, where Joan was the only prisoner; he put the food down on a table, dropped his trousers to the floor and, ice pick in hand, reminded her of the favors he had done her while she was held in the jail and told her that it was "time you came across"; she resisted him, grabbed the ice pick, stabbed him 11 times and took off.

According to the state of North Carolina, this is what happened: Joan Little, with premeditation, stole the ice pick from the desk earlier on the evening of August 26, while making a telephone call from the jail's pay telephone; later that night, she enticed Clarence Alligood into her cell with a promise of sexual intercourse and, while engaged in sexual intercourse, stabbed him with the ice pick and escaped.

Interracial rape has historically symbolized white dominance in the South. A shy 20-year-old may change all that.

(There are, of course, other theories of the case circulating throughout eastern North Carolina. One member of the Beaufort County Sheriff's Department hints darkly of a mysterious accomplice, while one crack-brained civil rights leader suggests that Alligood actually committed suicide—stabbing himself 11 times, including several times in the back.)

All parties agree that on her way out of jail, Joan missed a patrolling cruiser returning to the jail by about 10 seconds. She headed for the black section of Washington, N.C., where she began a barely probable, house-to-house odyssey—complete with Keystone Kop overtones—featuring one episode with Joan hiding under a feather mattress on which sat several members of the sheriff's department, and others involving five automobiles, two Joan Little look-alikes, one wig and a frantic, midnight ride along the back roads of eastern North Carolina.

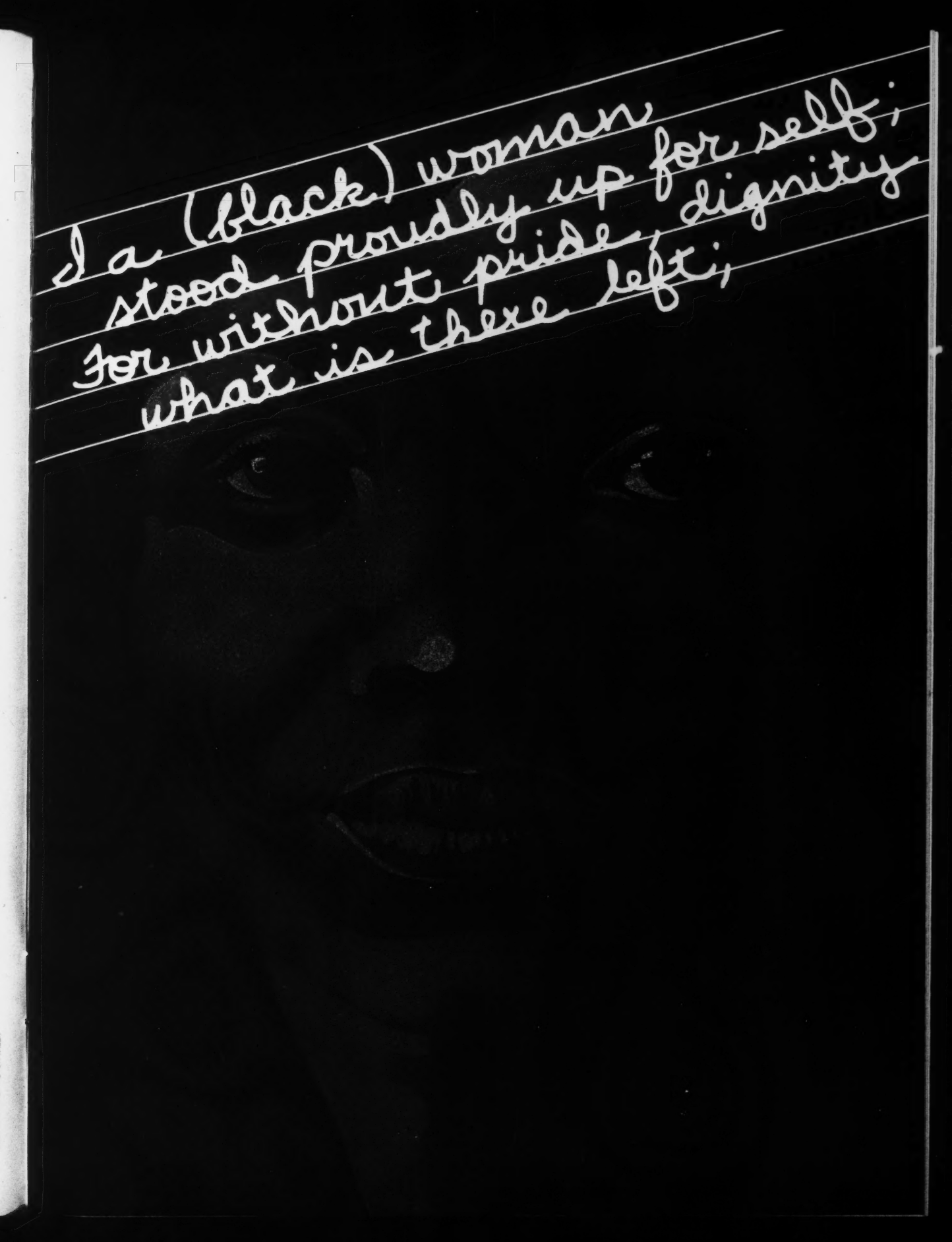
The sheriff's department released news of the killing the next day to the press, neglecting to mention the unclothed condition of Alligood's body. An editorial praising the dead man appeared in the local paper, the Washington *Daily News*, observing that here was a man with an unblemished work record, from a well-respected Beaufort County family, dying "in the line of duty" at the hands of a convicted felon. Feeling in the county was running pretty high, to the point that local authorities attempted to make use of a North Carolina statute, a charming little anachronism unique to the 50 states, which permits any citizen to shoot on sight any fugitive designated an "outlaw" by the court. But before long, word began to leak out, first about the unclothed nature of the body, then about the official medical examiner's report and, finally, about the autopsy report. (The yellow stain on Alligood's leg was classified as seminal fluid, "teeming with spermatozoa," but since involuntary ejaculation is not uncommon in a sudden violent death, the stain is not considered by the defense to be conclusive. The most damning individual piece of evidence was Alligood's trousers, which, for a time, were "misplaced." There were no holes in the pants to correspond with the ice pick wounds on Alligood's leg, eliminating any possibility that his pants were removed after the stabbing to make it look as if he had intended to engage in sexual activity with Little.)

One week later, after an agreement

Mark Pinsky is a free lance who lives in Durham, North Carolina

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR VALLA

I a (black) woman
stood proudly up for self;
For without pride, dignity
what is there left;



was worked out by her attorneys, Joan Little surrendered in Raleigh, N.C., to the State Bureau of Investigation on condition that she not be returned to the Beaufort County jail until the time of her trial. At the time of her surrender, a courthouse politician familiar with eastern North Carolina observed that there were only two surprises in the Joan Little case: that Alligood's body wasn't cleaned, dressed and moved before the medical examiner was called, and that Joan Little got out of Beaufort County alive.

It is an assessment that Joan Little herself shares. "I ran because it was self-defense," she says. "I stayed in Beaufort County and if the authorities there had gotten to me before any other body, they would have fouled me. I never would have been here to tell what really happened."

"Down east," they call it. The rich, eastern coastal plain of North Carolina where the main crops are cotton, corn, peanuts and tobacco. It was the only section of the state that boasted of plantations and slaves in the antebellum years, and since then it has been the main stronghold of the Ku Klux Klan. The main, non-agricultural export of the region is black people, and within the state's black community "down-east justice" became synonymous with what outsiders used to call "Southern justice," although it is applied with equal inhospitality to such outside agitators as labor organizers, civil rights workers and longhairs.

Washington, N.C., is the county seat of Beaufort County, located along the broad, brackish Pamlico River, a tributary of Pamlico Sound where the pirate Blackbeard used to roam. Joan Little grew up in and around Beaufort County, her early years typical in many ways of young black people of the region. The oldest of nine children, she dropped out of school when she was 15, whereupon her mother asked a local judge for help, which he supplied in the form of commitment to training school, classifying Joan as a truant. She took off from that school, too, and her mother appealed to the same judge, who approved her release from the institution. Then Joan rode the so-called "Chicken Bone Special" (named for the box lunch litter that remains when the busses and trains pull into New York, Detroit and Chicago) to Philadelphia, where she enrolled in a public high school for a year, before returning to Washington High School. When officials there refused to accept her credits from up north, she quit school for good and began a series of jobs, working as a waitress and short-order cook, and later in a shirt factory. She got into some more trouble with the law, receiving a six-month suspended sentence for shoplifting. One day, sitting on her mother's front porch, she decided that her life wasn't going anywhere and that what she needed was a trade.

The trade she chose was somewhat unusual—sheet rock finishing. Joan went to a local sheet rock subcontractor and told him she wanted to learn the trade. The contractor, an Indian, was at first reluctant to hire her, since he had never heard of a woman, especially such a small woman, doing that kind of work. Joan argued with him, first offering to pay him to teach her, then asking to work on the next job without pay as a tryout for on-the-job training. He agreed. Despite the size of the sheet rock panels—up to 4 x 12 feet—and the dust of asbestos fibers, her boss had her on the payroll by the next job. The one thing he never got around to teaching her, she recalls today, was how to walk on stilts, which some sheet rock finishers utilize to avoid using stepladders. The thing she recalls with pride she did learn was how to use a finisher's 12-inch knife.

There were only two surprises in the Little case: that the body wasn't cleaned up and that Joan Little is still alive

"Wait 'til they get a look at the kind of person they're turning into a cause célèbre," snaps William Griffin, district attorney for Beaufort County. "She's an admitted perjurer," he says, referring to the breaking and entering case that landed her in the jail in the first place, a case where Joan's younger brother was the main state's witness against her. Griffin is the young prosecutor who handled that case and will also argue for the state of North Carolina in the Alligood murder case, which he calls "a waste of time." He says he is tired of news people asking him about it.

Karen Galloway, the savvy, self-assured young black woman who is defending Joan, is just as emphatic: "Joan Little is no Angela Davis. She is an average girl who was forced into a situation that a lot of average women get forced into. What makes her special is the way in which she responded."

It is frankly difficult to picture Joan Little stabbing a 200-pound man 11 times with an ice pick. Dressed in a prison issue blue cotton shift and pink cloche, she appears small and shy, with almond-shaped, slightly protruding eyes. Excusing herself in advance, she says she is nervous and jumpy outside of her cell, and at the beginning of our first interview (I saw her twice) she does seem withdrawn and non-communicative, but not hostile or evasive. Before each interview, her attorney explains that she cannot be asked about the stabbing itself or her feelings toward Clarence Alligood, at which Joan looks relieved.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KAREN JAM

A pro-Little demonstration in front of the Wake County Courthouse in Raleigh.

Beneath the shyness and hesitancy, there is a detectable resolve. This is a woman who, before the stabbing, complained about the closed-circuit television camera which allowed male jailers to watch women prisoners, with no privacy, after the female matron had left for the day; when Joan hung a sheet from the bars in front of her toilet, the camera was removed from its tripod. The same woman who, during the time she was in hiding outside of Beaufort County, was

Joan Little (center), with attorneys Jerry Paul and Karen Galloway, surrenders to authorities on September 4, 1974.

urged by some of those who helped smuggle her out to leave the state; she refused, even though she felt no particular sense of loss over the idea of never seeing Washington, N.C., again.

She seems somewhat at a loss over her new-found celebrity, with people like Julian Bond, Flo Kennedy and Angela Davis rallying support for her around the country. She says she reads all the letters she has been receiving from all over, especially from other women prisoners, as well as political newspapers with names like "Off Our Backs" and "Rising Up Angry." Yet, when she isn't reading mail, writing poetry or pasting magazine photographs into her scrapbook, she teaches her next cell neighbor, a 45-year-old Indian woman already sentenced to death, to read. In fact, her conversation is frequently dominated by talk of the condition of other inmates.

"Some of the girls have severe problems and they need to talk to someone," she explains. "You don't get a chance to think about your own problems."

On some nights, she says, she sits up with her neighbor, who cries much of the time. "I can't stand to see anyone cry. I start crying, too, so sometimes I'd sit up the whole night with her, trying to comfort her."

Asked about the events surrounding the killing, Joan says simply, "I don't think about it at all. I want to put what has happened behind me. I think anyone in my position would have done the same thing, probably. . . ."

And what of the rumors that she once solicited for prostitution, carrying young girls to the nearby U.S. Marine base in Jacksonville, N.C., a sawed-off shotgun under the front seat? She acknowledges she's heard the talk, and admits to an arrest for carrying a concealed weapon (the case never came to trial), but denies that she ever procured, or was a prostitute herself. "Of course," she adds, "on the street I looked as good as the next person. . . ."

By the second interview she is more relaxed, laughing easily, asking about what I found in "Little Washington." At times, she seems so gentle and so without guile that it almost beggars the credibility. Ask her about capital punishment—which she faces—and she answers with unconscious irony, "A person doesn't have the right to take another life." Her lawyer says that the first thing she said when they met after the killing was that Alligood was not dead when she fled, insisting, "I would never have left a critically injured man."

Joan Little is even more expressive in her poetry, written in her cell. In one poem, entitled "Joan—Walks With Dignity," she makes clear her understanding of the larger implications of her case:

I am Joanne—trying to prove my innocence, a (black) woman who wants to keep her pride;
I am proud—to be who I am—for one day
I will be a part of the freedom ride

Few people in and around Washington, N.C., or "Little Washington," as it is known, are looking forward to the Joan Little trial, and the influx of outsiders it is likely to attract. The most excitement the town is used to comes when it is time to auction off the yearly tobacco crop. Its main street is virtually unchanged in 50 years, still offering a panorama of a bygone era. Although the trial will actually be held in Washington, the townsfolk will have little to do with the proceedings, as both the prosecutor and the judge come from other towns and the jury, by order of another judge, will be selected from a county not even adjoining Beaufort County. In a curious fashion this has caused an injury to the town's civic pride, as it appears that the state of North Carolina itself has decided that Joan Little couldn't expect a fair trial from Little Washington. Ashley Futrell, editor and publisher of the Washington *Daily News*, says that while the area is an ultra-conservative one, in a case like Joan Little's, local peoples' "wisdom would overcome their prejudice." The sheriff of Beaufort County, "Red" Davis, says he wouldn't mind if Joan Little "never comes back to the Beaufort County jail."

It is not really surprising to see the women's movement rallying around Joan Little; it has around other women who have taken the law into their own hands in responding to rapes. Rape is one of the least reported, most ineffectively prose-

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANNY LYONS/MAGNUM

The way it was. For a hundred years in the South, rape "justice" often meant mob rule.

cuted crimes in America and juries are notorious for their prejudice against victims. Wedding two of the earliest slogans of the women's movement, "Rape is a crime against all women," and "Feminism means fight back!" they have organized support and education groups around the cases of women who have fought back against alleged rapists. Four cases in the last year have especially attracted their attention:

—March 1974. Inez Garcia, 30, shoots and kills one of two men she says raped her, then returns within the hour to her home in Monterey, Cal. Garcia is convicted of second-degree murder and sentenced to five years to life.

—June 1974. Two Indiana University women students, hitchhiking near Daytona Beach, Fla., strangle to death a man who they say drove them into the woods and, while threatening them with an ice pick, raped them. A coroner's jury, which refuses to release the names and ages of the women, rules justifiable homicide.

—October 1974. Deborah Kantaeng, 19, shoots and kills one of two men she says kidnapped and raped her and returns to her home in Long Beach, Cal., the next day. Kantaeng is charged with first-degree murder.

—December 1974. Officer Anna Martucciello, 31, returns to her New York apartment, finds an intruder attempting to rape her roommate, another police officer, and orders him to surrender. There is a struggle, the intruder comes at Officer Martucciello with a kitchen knife, she draws her revolver and, in her words, "I fired and he went down." The intruder, wounded in the leg, is charged with attempted burglary, attempted rape and possession of a deadly weapon.

Like the Inez Garcia case, the Joan Little case will be a political trial, according to her lawyers. But, unlike the Garcia case, they fully expect to win. At the close of the Garcia trial, Inez told the judge: "I killed that motherfucker and I'd do it again tomorrow. I'm only sorry I didn't shoot Luis [the other alleged rapist] too. So why don't you just find me guilty and put me in jail, you lousy pig?" That attitude, according to Karen Galloway, is what lost the case for Garcia, and there will be no repetition at the trial in Washington, N.C. So that there will be no confusion on the issue in the minds of the jury, Galloway expects to emphasize the differences, both ethical and legal, between killing a rapist in self-defense at the time of the attack, and killing later for revenge.

If Joan Little is acquitted—and there is every chance she will be—the case will be a milestone in the annals of Southern justice.

For more than 300 years, interracial rape has been the quintessential political act in the history of the South. Perpetrated by white men against black women, it was an assertion of dominance and superiority; by black men against white women, an act of ultimate rebellion. Caught in the middle have been the women of the South, black and white, who were considered little more than personal chattel. And while in the region, as in the nation, an overwhelming majority of rapes are between members of the same race, it has been the interracial rape that has dominated the Southern psyche like a dark undercurrent, flowing just below the surface.

In more recent times, the rope and the tree limb have given way to the electric chair and the gas chamber, but the "justice" meted out by all-white juries has remained constant. Over 90 percent of those executed for rape in the United States since 1930 were black, not counting the six black men now on North Carolina's Death Row. Even today, race—of the victim, the attacker and the jury—has much to do with rape in the South and *everything* to do with the kind of justice that is handed down.

But Joan Little might well change all of this, first by establishing that the

rape of a black woman by a white man is indeed a crime, and, second, by taking the punishment for that crime out of the hands of Southern men, black or white.

Already, the Little case is generating legal action on other fronts. A black lawyer, Reginald Frazier of New Bern, N.C., recently asked that the Justice Department investigate alleged abuse of women in North Carolina jails. Citing the Little case, Frazier claims there is "serious evidence that hundreds of women, both black and white, have been subjected to illegal and immoral sexual assaults by jailers and jail trustees where they were confined."

While the defense team is trying to win a complete change of venue as well as working on an appeal of Joan Little's original breaking and entering conviction, prosecutor William Griffin continues to talk tough about the case. So far, he has been successful in setting bail for her at $115,000 and then—on a technicality—having bail denied when the money was finally raised. Griffin is holding fast to his intention of prosecuting Joan Little for first-degree murder, despite the widespread feeling that if he actually prosecutes on that charge he will get laughed out of the courtroom, even a Little Washington courtroom. Privately, he has already approached Little's defense attorneys with an offer of second degree murder with an equal, concurrent sentence with the breaking and entering conviction, but they are apparently holding out for involuntary manslaughter, the least possible charge.

What will become of Joan Little if a precedent is set, and a predominantly white, conservative Southern jury decides that a black woman is justified in killing a white man for exercising what would once have been considered his prerogative? One thing is sure, she won't stay in Washington, N.C.

"Too many people know me there," she says, her voice void of emotion. "No matter how many years pass, somebody will always hold it against you."

Beyond that, Joan will not speculate about her future, at least not to reporters. Perhaps she is afraid that she will end up like those other prisoners, whose challenges shook the legal system to its foundations, people like Gideon, Miranda and Escobedo, who, after brief moments in the national spotlight, drifted back to anonymity, dead-end jobs and jail. But those who have read her poetry doubt it. "I . . . will continue to walk in Dignity," reads one snatch, written on lined Department of Correction stationery. "Maybe now the people will realize; that now's the time to fight."●

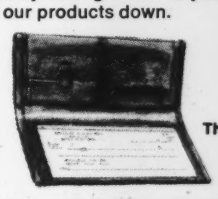
THE SURVIVAL KIT

"Elegant Morocco leather stash pouch fits snugly in the suave palm. Good for about ¼ ounce . . ." (Rolling Stone)

SK-1

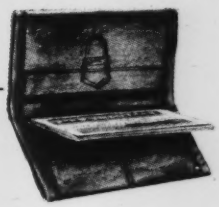
still only **$2.95** Available in Brown only

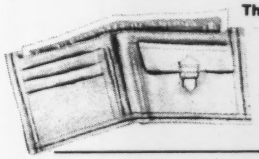
In today's world of push button living, we'd like to slow things down a bit and show you some items that have been made entirely by hand. For decades the sheepskin leather of Morocco has been world renowned for its softness and durability. We've worked hard to bring you original designs without changing ancient techniques and we're proud of the results. All our products are made for us by master craftsmen who do nothing else, and by selling direct to you, we eliminate the middle man and are able to keep the cost of our products down.



The Mini Wallet PF-109 3¼" x 5" **$3.95**
The ultimate space-saver, we've designed this wallet to hold your cash, change, credit cards, license, etc. without wasting a centimeter.

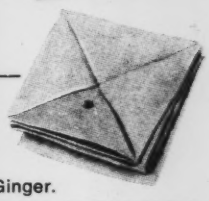
The Checkbook Wallet PF-115 3½" x 7" **$5.95**
Designed to hold your personal checkbook, notes, cash, change. We've now added a clear plastic pocket secretary (not shown), to hold your credit cards, etc.





The Trick Purse PM-102 2½" x 2½" **$1.25**
Your pocket will thank you for using this ingenious change purse that holds about four dollars (25 coins).

The Mini Billfold PF-116 3" x 4" **$3.50**
For people who hate wallets—here's a way to carry your cash and important notes in the palm of your hand.



Available in earth colors, Brown, Red, Maroon, or Ginger.

Mike Madigan
853 BROADWAY—SUITE 2120
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10003

YES! I'd like to experience the softness of the sheepskin leather for which Morocco is world renowned. Please send me the following items. I understand that if I am not entirely satisfied with my purchase FOR ANY REASON, I may return it to you, within 30 days, for an immediate refund or exchange.

Name

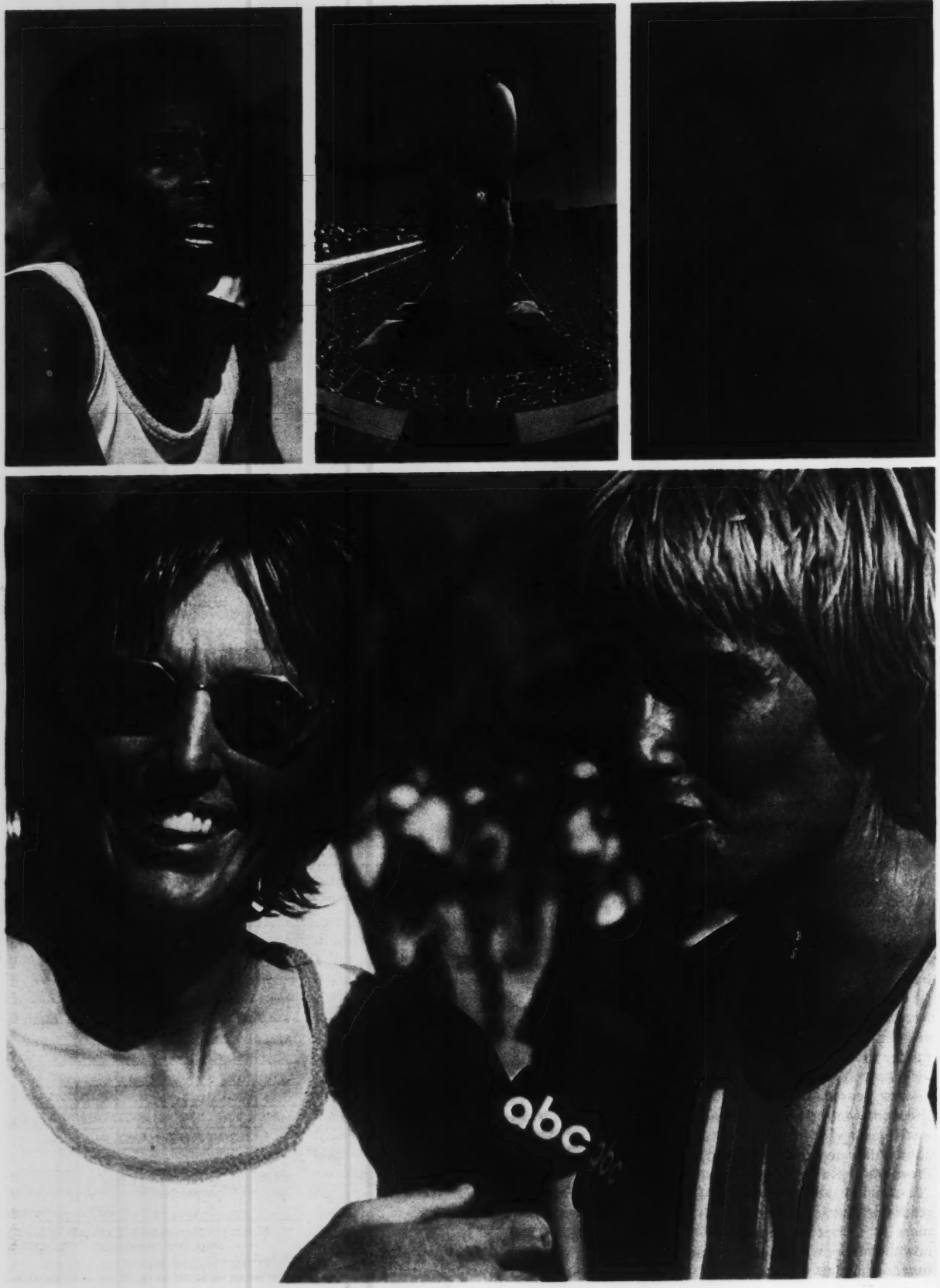
Address

City State Zip

SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s, PLEASE!

Quan.	Style Number or Name	Colors 1st Choice	Colors 2d Choice	Price	Total
			SUB-TOTAL		
			SHIPPING/HANDLING		.50*
			N.Y. Res. add TAX		
			Enclosed ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER for—TOTAL		

*On all orders over $10 we pay shipping charges.
Allow approx. four weeks for delivery.


abc

Playing for keeps

ABC's *Women Superstars* may not be the big leagues—but for underpaid women athletes, it sure beats the Olympics

By Thomas Moore

Back in fourth grade I numbered among my acquaintances—but not my friends—a taciturn, determined young female named Carol. She had white-blonde hair cut with no nonsense, short and straight, a round plain face and she could play kickball almost as well as I could and a lot better than some of my friends.

Unlike most girls, Carol would show up on the playground an hour before school to play in our daily pickup game. When I was captain, I always picked her third or fourth to play on my team—that's how good she was. Once, on the way home from school, I called her a tomboy in front of my friends. What followed was the first serious scrap of my life. She leaped on me like an animal, clawing at my face, and only after I caught her in a headlock did she give up and run home crying.

Outside of my three sisters, Carol was the first real female jock I ever ran into. Others soon followed. The first girl I went steady with also happened to be an athlete. I was a sophomore in high school, she a freshman. She played tennis on the Illinois country club circuit and once played in the women under 18 nationals. One summer day I thought we should have it out, to see who was best. It went very fast. I won the first three games, playing my hardest against her tennis lesson form, and then she neatly finished me off in the next six games. I did not forgive her for letting me win those three games, nor for making me lose the others. It changed our relationship. But before letting her know I didn't like her anymore, I had the final satisfaction of persuading her to drop serious tournament tennis—there are a lot more important things in life, I argued, like reading books.

"The Ladies Home Journal," beams editor Lenore Hershey to the opening press conference in front of a pool in Rotonda, Florida, "is delighted to be able to present the first Women's Superstars competition." It is 80 degrees, and a group of male and female athletes, dressed in sports outfits designed by Oleg Cassini, are sitting uneasily in a semicircle facing the press.

The Superstars, in case you've missed it up to now, is an ABC *Wide World of Sports* Sunday special that pits name athletes from different sports against one another in Fourth of July field day events like running, bicycling, tennis, rowing, swimming and bowling. Since its inception in 1973, only male athletes have been invited, but this year ABC is trying out the Women Superstars. The press conference is mixed because the women's finals are being squeezed in along with the regular taping of the men's third preliminary.

For a bunch of superstars, however, they're awfully hard to recognize. Only Franco Harris, looking rested and gentle as a teddy bear after his crushing performance at the Super Bowl, looks familiar. With the help of another reporter, I can match a few other male faces with names; there's Ron Johnson of the New York Giants and Lawrence McKutcheon of the Los Angeles Rams and Minnesota Viking's speedster John Gilliam. But the women might as well be members of the Rotonda Girls Athletic Association. Without the press kit, pictures included, I can't name one. Which is not surprising. Before the Women Superstars, they could hardly recognize each other.

In the last couple of years, things have changed for women in sports—but not much. Billie Jean King, once a plump tomboy herself, put away Bobby Riggs and it suddenly became O.K. to be a female jock—if your name happened to be Billie Jean King. Her story became the stuff of legend and childrens' sports books. She went on to make women's professional tennis bigger box office than men's; she started a new magazine called *womenSports* (its slogan: *womenSports* has balls); and she put together a syndicated TV show and a $200,000 contract with ABC Sports as a commentator.

But aside from Billie Jean, Chris

The lineup at the *Women Superstars*: sprinter Wyomia Tyus (top left), gymnast Cathy Rigby (top right), basketball player Karen Logan (bottom right) and diver Micki King (top middle and bottom left).

Evert, Evonne Goolagong and a few others, professional women athletes remain in obscurity and out of the money. They continue to be humored and ridiculed—and, perhaps even more frustrating, just ignored.

The group of unrecognizable "superstars" before me happened to be some of the best athletes in America.

—Wyomia Tyus, a lithe engaging 29-year-old black woman with a modest Afro and warm smile, won an Olympic Gold Medal in the 100-yard dash in 1964 and won the same event again four years later. Since then, she hasn't had much to do.

—Kiki Cutter, cocky and talkative, skied on the 1968 Olympic team and has won three World Cup races. The last race she won made her $175—"and with expenses thrown in, I lost money on it."

—Joan Joyce, who throws windmill curves, screwballs and fastballs as well as a major leaguer, pitches for the Ray Bestos Brakettes, a women's softball team.

—Cathy Rigby, the tiny Olympic gymnast, appears in TV commercials for Florida grapefruit.

—Diane Holum, a 23-year-old speed skater who has already won Bronze, Silver and Gold medals at the Olympics, is a senior at the University of Wisconsin.

—Micki King, an Olympic Gold Medal diver, is now a captain in the Air Force and a diving coach for the Air Force Academy's all-male diving team.

—Karen Logan, shy, intense and talented in just about every sport, plays forward on the Pink Panthers women's exhibition basketball team from Plainfield, Indiana. Last year she made $2,500.

—Mary Jo Peppler, a six-footer with a square handsome face and powerful legs, is perhaps the best women's volleyball player in the country. Her outspoken temperament lost her a place on the U.S. Olympic team.

—Paula Sperber, a bowler who won the 1971 U.S. Women's Open, is one of the few women athletes to make any money from her sport.

—Laura Ching, Hawaii's best woman surfer, was the first (and only) woman chosen to compete against 29 of the world's top surfers in the 1973 Smirnoff World Professional Surfing Championships. But her first real publicity came from the fact that she recently posed nude on a surfboard for a *Playboy* photographer.

—Barbara O'Brien, a big strapping redhead with a hi y'all Texas drawl, plays quarterback for the Dallas Bluebonnets women football team. But she makes her living by climbing telephone poles for Southwestern Bell Telephone.

They are some of the best of women sports. Yet most of them are confined to amateur or freak exhibition teams, almost none of them can make a living from their sport and, before coming to Rotonda, no one ever asked them for an autograph on the street. Following the lead of Billie Jean, whose magazine was instrumental in rounding up the group to compete in the Superstars, these women represent a kind of rough, rag-tag pioneering band of professional women athletes. As a group they are frustrated, determined and only beginning to get it together. "The women?" says Keith Jackson, ABC's veteran sportscaster who, along with Billie Jean, narrates the *Women Superstars,* "they are very articulate and *hungry* for recognition." That they must resort to the *Women Superstars*—a hokey TV decathlon show where none of them will be allowed to compete in what they do best, to get their message across seems pathetic and, only by an inverse Abbie Hoffmanesque media logic, just possibly politically astute.

"Are women paid enough as pro athletes?" a reporter asks.

The last race skier Kiki Cutter won, she made $175. "With expenses thrown in, I lost money on it"

"What pay?" Mary Jo Peppler replies tersely.

"The first thing I said when we agreed to sponsor the *Women Superstars,*" chimes in Ms. Hershey, "is that the purse for the women cannot be lower than the men."

"Actually," Mary Jo interjects, "the women's purse is lower. The men can make $300 a point plus the bonus money, while the women get only a $100 a point."

The magazine editor's well-meaning smile dissolves. Apparently, she has not added up the dollar possibilities as carefully as Mary Jo. "Well" she tries to recover, "it *is* in the same range."

Things are not getting off on the right foot. The women athletes realize that this is their chance: national television is here, the New York *Times* is here, AP and UPI are here, scores of reporters from magazines and newspapers are here. But every time they try to say something with a little weight to it, they are interrupted, misunderstood or diverted by some distraction. The male athletes are all asked about their recent exploits, but there is only clumsy small talk with the women. As the press conference breaks up, Kiki Cutter, the skier, suddenly blurts out—as if shouting "Focus!" at the beginning of a movie—"We need more Billie Jeans!" Everyone smiles sweetly at her.

As the women's tennis finals get underway the next day, a sizable Florida crowd of wobbly senior citizens and their grandchildren turn out at the Rotonda tennis court, vying with one another to see who can get the most superstar autographs. "If a male athlete is a jock," asks one 14-year-old to another, "what do you call a female athlete?" His friend giggles. Diver Micki King sits on an ABC camera truck, explaining to me why she didn't like the *Sports Illustrated* article on the women's preliminaries in Houston. "He just made it sound like a joke," she says. "Everyone got the idea we were a bunch of clowns. But if you walk around and see the spirit of the girls, you'll see they're taking it seriously."

That they are. Karen Logan, for one, is slamming putaways against Laura Ching with particular vengeance. Laura's game, in contrast, is pure lob, accompanied by lots of knowing smiles from the crowd—her *Playboy* reputation has quickly made her a favorite. There is something discordantly regressive about the image Laura projects, despite her heated efforts to win. Every time she walks by, the ABC cameramen undress her with their eyes, elbowing each other and chuckling at the thought of her surfing in the raw.

Laura is also a bit zany. When Franco Harris asks her to pose with him for a snapshot, she says, "Right on, popcorn!" "That's a new one on me," says Franco, bewildered. Everywhere she goes, Laura, wearing a blue gypsy bandana, is trailed by an exotic court of cheering 10-year-old boys she has befriended, her spaced out Hawaiian-Chinese husband, Bon (he liked bonbons as a kid), her cheerful lobster-bellied father, one Lord Blears, who once wrestled professionally and got his nose bent in the process, and her Italian mother, an aging Cher Bono type who insists upon wearing a two-tone leather bikini ("My father came from Rome," she says dramatically to one of Laura's worshiping young followers, "and my mother came from Naples").

Laura aside, the other women keep hammering away at their message. "*The Superstars* is kind of a barrier-breaker," Micki King says patiently. "Here we get

Tom Moore is a NEW TIMES *special contributor.*

On her first time out as a sportscaster, Billie Jean has trouble getting plugged in.

exposure. It's a start and we have decades to overcome. For the first time women athletes are getting to know each other. Until we got to Houston, I knew Billie Jean like Mary Public. Now she's a personal friend."

Billie Jean's name comes up repeatedly. She is unquestionably their standard-bearer, their Joan of Arc. And yet, a cult of Billie Jean's personality, such as that built around Gloria Steinem in the early days of the women's movement, is something they are wary of. On the one hand, Billie Jean is the only woman athlete who has no trouble gaining an audience and expressing their common problems; on the other, the attention on Billie Jean might eclipse the chances of other women athletes to speak out.

"I don't think Billie Jean wants to be referred to all the time as the spokesman or spokeswoman for women's sports," says sprinter Wyomia Tyus. "The media and public put that on her. Everybody has a lot of things to say, but they don't get any recognition—or if they do, it's very little."

Having trounced Laura Ching, Karen Logan is now sitting by herself, staring across one of Rotonda's 32 miles of planned waterways at one of Rotonda's 12 creative home styles, complete with screened-in pool out back. She's brooding about her upcoming match with Kiki Cutter. Of all the women contestants, she seems the most intent on winning. "Yeah," she says, "I figure it'll come down to Micki King, Peppler and me."

Unlike the other women, who seem to have brought along all manner of family, friends, coaches and lovers, Karen keeps pretty much to herself. Her barely camouflaged ambition translates into a tight-lipped defensive expression. She still wears the scars of growing up a tomboy. "It didn't bother me when I was real young," she says, a little embarrassed, "but it did in high school and college." Only now is she beginning to get over it, and, appropriately enough, her ability in sports is pulling her through. "I had nothing going for me except sports. I was so insecure about myself. But I have to thank sports for bringing me out."

When the match starts, Karen serves bullets to Kiki. When she faults on one, she rifles off another before Kiki gets out of the way of the first. "Golly," Kiki says as politely as she can manage, "could you slow it down on the second serve."

"Sorry," Karen says, tight-lipped as usual.

Karen wins, 6-2. It is a hard-fought and well-played match, and it is clear that either one of them could beat O.J. Simpson, who wins the men's finals a few minutes later, goofing his way through an easy set with Pittsburgh Steeler Jack Ham. "I better stop hamming around and win this thing," O.J. puns, wiggling his eyebrows. The crowd, generally indifferent to the women, eats it up.

By mid-afternoon the sun is burning down ruthlessly and it's time for rowing—a deceptive art, particularly for football players. A gunshot sounds. Below the J.C. Penney starting banner out creep Franco Harris and race car driver Johnny Rutherford, straining against uncooperative oars and slapping the water furiously like two walruses in a bathtub, the heavy Penney rowboats groaning down the 50-yard course with the grace of blocking sleds on a football field. About halfway, Rutherford begins to get the hang of it and pulls out ahead of Franco. Harris splashes away desperately to catch up, but his right arm gets the better of his left and he careens through the string of buoy markers into Rutherford's lane, becoming hopelessly entangled.

Although Marty Reissen, the tennis player, outrows the rest of the men a few minutes later, even he can barely match the women's pace. "When I timed myself this morning," he says after the race, "I did it in 60 seconds. Then one of the women did 50 and I was sick."

The women understand there's more to rowing than muscle. On an average, they keep pace with the men, and both women finalists, Mary Jo Peppler and Laura Ching, come within a couple of seconds of Reissen's final time of 48 seconds. Their race is a dead heat; Ching, sweat streaming beneath her headband, chops out two quick strokes to every one of Mary Jo's powerful pulls. But, despite

the raucous support she gets from Lord Blears and Bon (racing recklessly along the bank, stumbling over people and yelling at Laura to pull harder), Mary Jo edges her out by a couple of feet. After it's over, Peppler jumps out of her boat, chats a moment with Billie Jean for the TV cameras and walks off like she's ready to go again.

If the men are worse than the women at rowing, they're downright embarrassing when it comes to swimming. Only 5 of the 12 men select the event—bowlers Petraglia and Davis, thin and shivering, Rutherford, self-conscious about his unathletic flab, Rumanian tennis pro Ion Tiriac, wiry, and displeased by the

What do you think about the women athletes, I ask O.J. Simpson. "Very sexy," he says, wiggling his eyebrows

imminent prospect of cold water, and defensive back Phil Villapiano, big as a barge. To make things worse, the men must swim four lengths to the women's two—a lingering bit of chauvinism exposed as utter nonsense by the performances that follow.

When the gun goes off, they attack the water with a variety of punishing belly flops and head full tilt for the other end as if their lives depend on it. In Petraglia's case, it does. After a miracle crossing of one length of the pool, he grabs the edge like a lifeboat and holds on for the rest of the race. By the third length, Tiriac slips into a leisurely breast stroke and Rutherford opts for the side stroke. Only Villapiano endures the pace of the crawl, lapping Tiriac and Rutherford to finish first. Davis, one pool-length behind and close to drowning, treads water for a moment to see how he's doing, discovers to his amazement that he's got an easy second place, and dog paddles on to finish. A couple of minutes later Rutherford and Tiriac limp in third and fourth.

The women, nine of whom choose swimming, each take a few easy practice laps before their races. As they climb onto their diving platforms, hyperventilating and kicking out their legs to loosen up, they smile at each other and shake hands. Alongside Kathy Rigby, a water nymph, the other women are towering amazons. Compared to the men, these women know how to swim. Churning down their respective lanes, most finish within seconds of each other. Micki King has the best moves—the clean dive, the kick turn, the steady stroke—and she beats Laura Ching in the finals by a second.

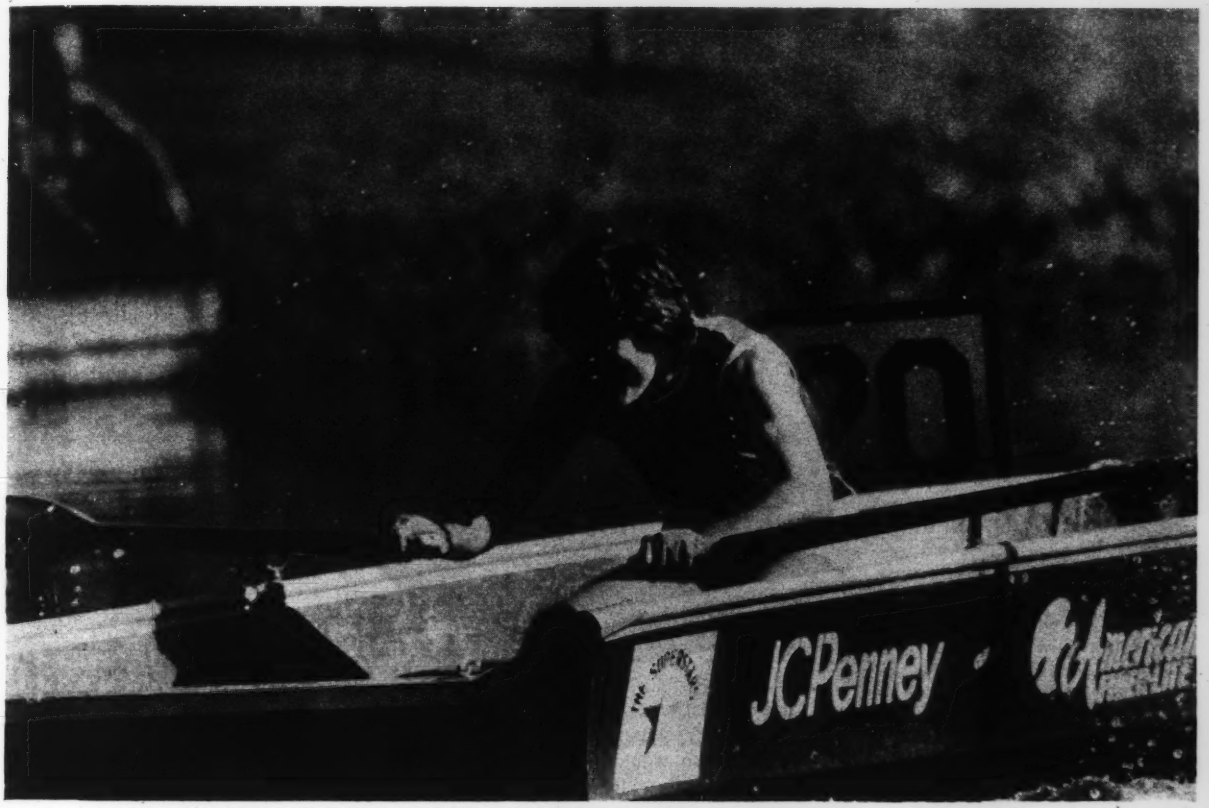
And so it goes. The women try to do the best they can, being both supportive and competitive—"Once the time comes to compete," Wyomia Tyus says, "all the laughing and friendship ends. When the man says take your marks, I don't know you"—the men screw around and get most of the attention. The women take it seriously all right, but, as usual, no one else takes them very seriously. What do you think about the women athletes as a group? I ask O.J. "Very sexy," he says, still wiggling his eyebrows. Then he looks at me seriously and adds, "What do you mean, what do I think of them as a group. They're like any women."

The results: Mary Jo Peppler wins the Women's Superstars, and $34,100 in prize money; Karen Logan comes in second with $13,800 and Micki King takes third with $8,600. The money is more than any of them have ever won in an entire year of competition. By the time Mary Jo gets her trophy, however, most of the male superstars have already left, taking the crowd with them. "This has been sort of a landmark day for women athletes becoming professional and making their mark," she says determinedly to the few hangers-on standing around the TV camera. There is a polite applause.

Video-tape machine room No. 51, ABC Television Center, somewhere under New York City. It is here that the 30 hours of the Women Superstars video tape get whittled down to a clean, snappy one and a half hour show sandwiched between ads for Hoover vacuum cleaners and Clairol hair dye—"Now there's no excuse for a woman not to dye her hair." The editing process takes almost as long as the shooting, and the men who do it, primarily the producer of the show, Don Ohlmeyer, a big affable guy who likes to wear his Adidas to work, and his wise-cracking director, Bernie Hoffman, are speeding on the technology around them. Despite their condition, they maintain a healthy level of humor. Technicians stand by, always ready to roll, and one of them makes a crack about the *womenSports* T-shirt Bernie is wearing: "*womenSports* has balls—but it ain't got tits."

"Hey, it's B.J. the deejay," Ohlmeyer says, spotting Billie Jean. B.J. the deejay has come down to see how she did

Surfer Laura Ching, who posed for *Playboy*, is easily the crowd's favorite.



Mary Jo Peppler, a professional volleyball player, rows her way to $38,100.

on her first time out as an asker of questions rather than an answerer.

Judging from the tapes, she has a little work ahead of her. There is too much dead time between some of the answers and her next questions. Sometimes she is too girlishly exuberant, crying out impulsive things like, "Thadda way, baby!" When Laura Ching steps out of her rowboat, B.J. rushes up to her and screams, "You look all out of breath, baBEE! Are you all WET?" B.J.'s intro to the rowing sequence—her first attempt—has to be scratched completely. When Billie Jean wishes Micki King good luck on the finals, Ohlmeyer turns to her and says, "Yeah, B.J., good luck on the finals." She cringes, wondering if it's that bad.

With her styled green pants, cut just so they brush the top of her new Gucci shoes, Billie Jean seems light years ahead of the rumpled sweaty women athletes back at Rotonda. She already has it made as a superstar. But in a curious way, as she frets over her intros and interviews, she is going through the same anguish they went through in Florida—but on the next rung of the ladder, a step male athletes like O.J. Simpson climb as a matter of course.

As the different scenes are tracked, Billie Jean paces nervously about, practising tennis strokes, banging her hand on the wall when she says something on the screen excruciatingly silly. "You dummy!" she yells. She plops down on a chair but can't sit still. She starts humming to herself—"Jesus Christ Superstar," the show's theme song—stomping her feet to the beat and then banging out an inspired drum roll between the refrains with imaginary drumsticks. "You've come a long way in tennis, baby," she says, to no one in particular, "but you've got a long way to go in this."

"You've come a long way in tennis, baby," Billie Jean mumbles, "but you've got a long way to go in television"

The television monitors start to play back the scene where O.J. leans over to center a football to Barbara O'Brien. She places her hands up under his ass to take the hike. O.J. gives his ass a little shake and says, "C'mon Barbara! Wooee! Playing center is fun!"

"Too bad we didn't get good audio when O.J. tells her, 'It's palms down, Barbara,' " an assistant director says.

Ohlmeyer is standing by the monitor, thinking about whether this is the kind of thing to beam into 25 million American households on a Sunday afternoon. Maybe New York will buy a white girl and a black guy joking about her tickling his ass, but what about Atlanta?

"Billie Jean," Ohlmeyer says, "do you think that's in poor taste?"

"Poor taste?" she says. "I really didn't think about it. I just thought when you get on the football field, you play football."

The scene is replayed and this time Billie Jean takes a closer look. O.J. hikes the ball. Barbara O'Brien fades, looks deep, cocks her arm and throws a bomb. But it is a whisker short, and Paul Warfield, loping gracefully, drops the ball. Billie Jean decides she doesn't like the scene after all. But bad taste has nothing to do with it. She is concerned with how O'Brien looks as a quarterback. The idea of Women Superstars, at least for her, is not to make a joke about women playing men's games. "It was a crappy pass," she says. "He had to slow up for it." ●

side trips

A solid gold prospect for president

Philipsburg, Mont.—"Washington is being run by a bunch of lawyers who don't know anything about natural resources or prospecting," says Merrill K. Riddick, so he wants to do something about it: run for president. The times are ripe or rotten enough for something bizarre to happen in the bicentennial-year elections, so why *shouldn't* an 80-year-old prospector pan for gold in the mainstream of the American Dream?

His Puritan Epic Party campaign headquarters have been set up in the storefront office of his apartment "between the Antler's Bar and the Undertaking Parlor, Philipsburg, Montana." To outsiders, the town is best known as the subject of Richard Hugo's poem, "Degrees of Gray in Philipsburg." Out front, Riddick has jammed an American flag in a crack in the wide, dead-end street. His window is cluttered with pictures (airplanes, MHD experiment samples, Gerald Ford), recent letters of endorsement, two awful Western paintings, ore samples, aviation records, personal letters from Senator Mike Mansfield and a bumper sticker supporting Governor Judge (who defeated Riddick for Montana's most recent Democratic gubernatorial nomination). Inside the musty office three tables are strewn with similar material and hundreds of dogeared books stacked in expectant suitcases.

"That Watergate deal and all that scoundrelism would never have happened if those fellas had been ethical," exclaims the candidate, slowly rolling his mouth around his pet word, "scoundrelism." Alarmed by the capital's lack of ethics, Riddick wants to be the candidate of the Puritan Epic Party if he can just get it legally started.

"None of those fancy lawyers can tell me how that's done yet, though," he says, implying his bias against dudes. Forty people have sent in one dollar contributions, however, so he considers them unofficial charter members. But he is accepting no more contributions because he concedes that he'll never be able to compete in ball parks like Rockefeller's. "Rockefellow's one of my loyal opposition," Riddick points out, "but if he thinks he can run this political thing with money misspent and a bunch of lying, the President will catch him up on that stuff. If a fellow could get something going on a basis without money—because it's *right*—why, he ought to go ahead."

Riddick is banking on starting early, a grass roots shift back to the Puritan Ethic, and a wisdom that comes with a wealth of experience. After he ran away from the South Moccasin Mountains of central Montana when his teenage peers were "fooling around with sex," he prospected, made prints of Western paintings, worked at railroad construction, pushed ice up rivers, repaired pots and pans door to door and, thanks to meeting Barney Oldfield, became a pilot in World War I and later flew mail carriers for the U. S. Post Office. Having watched the country muddle its way through the last few decades, Riddick is convinced that we need to revive the Puritan Ethic.

And if Puritanism doesn't save us, MHD will, Riddick insists. Research into magnetohydrodynamics, an economical process of converting hydrocarbons into electricity with the use of precious little water, is such a panacea and so all-encompassing an issue to this ecology-conscious Montanian, that any other issue is ridiculed as a diversion plotted by his loyal opposition. Recently a Mansfield-sponsored bill resulted in $5 million coming into Montana for

research into MHD. How much that is due to Riddick's persistent prodding is unmeasurable, but many Montanians had never heard of MHD until they had heard of MKR.

Last June, Riddick held a rally in front of the Missoula County Courthouse to get his campaign going. When no one showed up, he responded with the kind of spirit football players and presidents are made of, saying, "How many supporters did Lincoln have when he started?" But a passerby, a lovely lady at least as old as Merrill, listened to what he had to say about ethics and MHD and contributed a dollar and a kiss to his campaign. As she left she said, "I don't know if you'll ever be President, but you're beautiful . . . beautiful."

—By Vince Swann

Father's gone a-hunting

Miami, Fla.—It was late on the afternoon of Aug. 24 and two men in the rented car had been watching the house on Northeast 72nd Street in Miami, Fla., for about a week. One of them waited nervously, wearing dark glasses to conceal his identity. "I was feeling a little like a criminal," he admitted later.

Gerald Hill, divorced father from Ferguson, Mo., was in Miami to regain the custody of his 3-year-old son—by force, if necessary. His companion was Gene Austin, a 52-year-old self-styled vigilante and crusader for the rights of divorced fathers. Austin unabashedly calls himself a kidnapper. He specializes in taking children from their mothers and returning the kids to their fathers during custody battles in which the mothers have improperly removed children from the authority of a divorce court.

It was about 5 p.m. when Barbara Hill drove up to the Miami house and got out of the car with her son cradled in her arms. At first she didn't recognize her ex-husband walking toward her, and she certainly didn't know the stranger with him. But when she spotted Hill, she shrieked for someone in the house.

Hill grabbed his son from his surprised ex-wife and they fell to the ground as she tried to resist. A man in the house charged outside. He quickly retreated when he saw the scuffle on the lawn and emerged a few moments later with a baseball bat in his hand. At one point, Barbara Hill was literally thrown across the lawn by her ex-husband. Austin quickly settled the matter when he Maced both the mother and the man with the bat and then grabbed the bat and broke it against a tree.

"The first few minutes of the getaway are the most critical," Austin said later. "But in this case I saw I wasn't going to have to activate the tack box I had hooked up to the back of the car. There's nothing like a bunch of tacks in a car's tires to slow someone down in a hurry," he chuckled. You do seem to step on some pretty fundamental hang-ups when you're dealing with parents' instinct to protect their children," he went on. "This one got rough and dirty."

How much rougher that case may get is still unknown. Dade County, Florida (Miami) sent an arrest warrant to Austin's home state of Missouri, but he refuses to voluntarily return to the Sunshine State to face charges that include aggravated battery. In fact, Austin views Florida's attempt to nail him to the legal wall with the same breezy detachment he has faced similar charges in 20 to 25 other states—his own figures—possibly because he has never been convicted.

Austin quit counting his child-snatching cases when he reached 200, but he estimates that he has supervised or aided in about 600 since 1960. Generally, he asks $1,000 per case but often accepts much less—the fee for helping pick up the Hill child was only $100. About 10 percent of his cases involve violence, but Austin insists that the only weapons he carries are cans of Mace.

Police and court officials, of course, condemn Austin's tactics as completely illegal, but it's rare when they do bother him. "They don't like to get mixed up in the mess surrounding these custody battles unless they have to. About 90 percent of the time, I've found the police seem to be in the other end of the county because they sympathize with what I'm doing."

Austin lives in Foley, Mo., a small town of a couple hundred usually quiet people about 50 miles north of St. Louis on U.S. 79. From there, he operates an apparently low-key heating and air conditioning business from his house. He also heads the Missouri Council on Family Law, an underground organization with about 500 dues-paying members whose primary interest is the civil rights of divorced men. Gene Austin is its only spokesman.

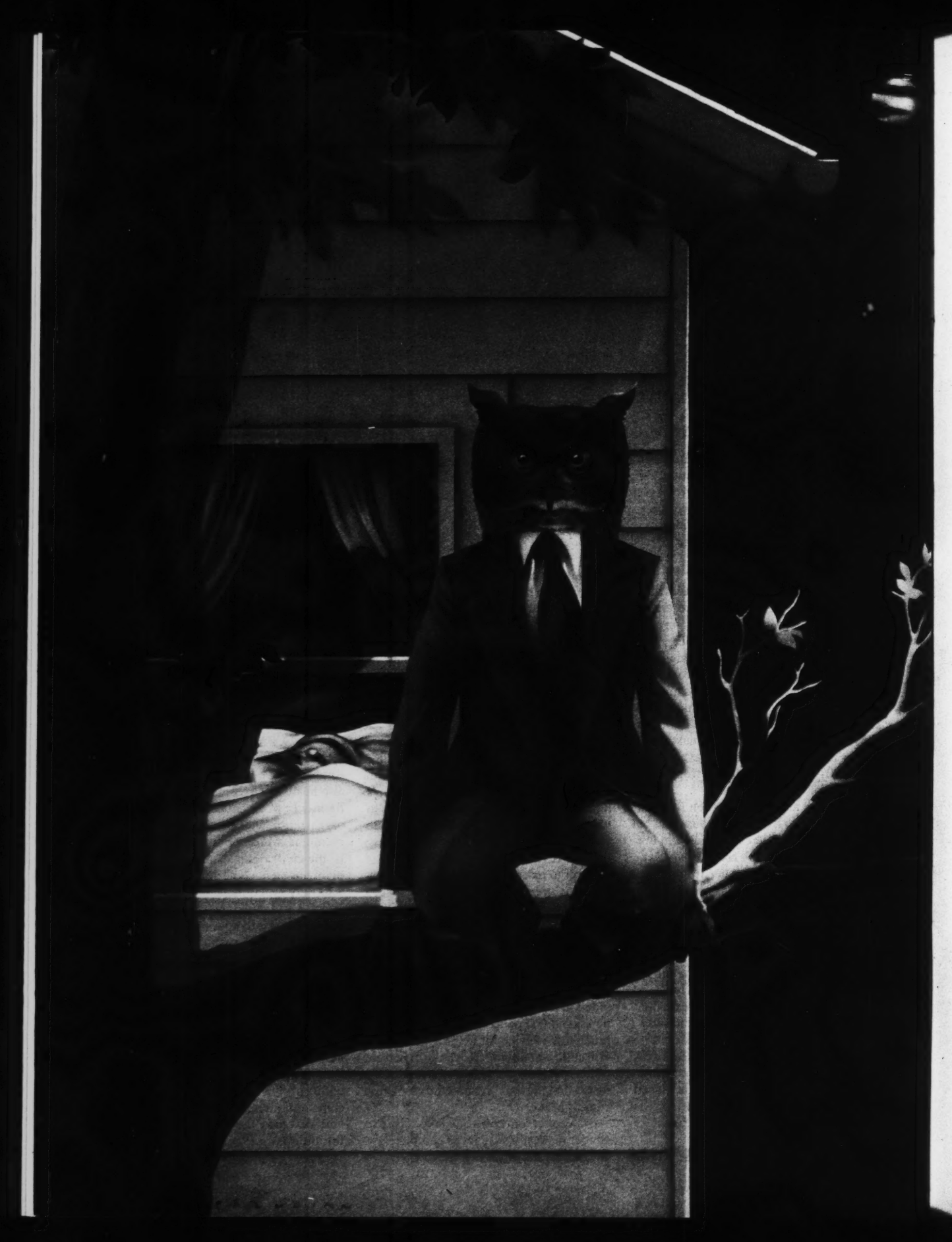
Until mid-January, when he was jailed—at least temporarily—on the Florida warrant, Austin's exploits had not seemed to touch him in his home town of Foley.

"He lives here real quiet and we haven't had trouble with him," says Sheriff Arlie Creech.

"No, we haven't got much crime here," says Mrs. John Adams, the wife of Foley's part-time police chief. "But I was telling my husband, a woman was likely to come around here and murder that man and we'd have the biggest piece of crime this little town ever saw."

—By Phil Hevener

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON



If you feel rotten from 9 to 5, it's probably not because you're ill or decadent. You could be an Owl—someone whose biology will always be out of sync with the daylight work-world

Bodies in revolt

By William Kowinski

What's the matter, friend? Are you tired, upset, nerves on edge? Sleep-eating through breakfast, can't remember how the hell you got to work? Got a sore throat all winter and a permanent band of pressure across your forehead? Are your eyes ready to fall into your coffee by mid-morning? Are your friends having a good time when you're down, are you ready for action when everybody else is going to sleep? What do you think it is, friend? Bad karma, prenatal guilt, advanced pudding of the psyche? Don't think about it, because whatever it is, it must be your fault. Here. Take this little pill. It makes you forget.

If you don't want to try a Valium, a few aspirins, a touch of meth or even a multiple martini lunch, why don't you just stay home from work today? Millions do. Boredom and alienation plus minor illnesses and general blahs help account for an ever increasing absentee rate. There are quite a few causes of discontent, but at least some of them are fairly subtle job conditions we don't normally think about even though they cause discomfort, distress and sometimes illness: straitjacket scheduling that disregards important differences in our individual biologies, for instance, or lousy lighting and overheated offices. Most people don't relate environmental factors to how they cope and perform. They don't know that there may be a biological reason why they work better in the morning or evening—that biorhythms have effects, whether they notice them or not. They see symptoms and take pills, or simply accept the consequences without consciously noticing the causes. Yet these conditions and scheduling arrangements are as much the responsibility of employers as the traditional sources of disgruntlement, such as pay and hours. Whether or not our minds recognize these problems, our bodies are already rebelling.

David, who is back in school now working for his doctorate, was employed for several years in the office of a Big Company (he'd rather not identify himself or the company since he may work for them again). When David arrived for work on a typical day, everyone else was already buzzing. Memos flew, phones rang, questions and directions crashed against his unawake brain as soon as he hit the door. He got into his cubicle between 9:30 and 10 (late again) and immediately downed five cups of prefab coffee in his first hour and a half in a desperate attempt to become alert. Most often he only got an acid stomach. His mental processes lagged, he got upset easily and, most important, when it came to office relations, he was not cheerful. Not cheerful! That was in the morning. In the afternoon, everyone else had narcotized themselves at lunch, but David was just starting to roll. He remembered things. He felt strong enough to push buttons. He was quick and charming on the phone and orderly in his work, but his office communications still suffered since everyone else was spaced out behind closed doors. By late afternoon, when most of the office was in the stretch run, David was into his mid-morn-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DICKRAN PALULIAN

Shedding new light. . .

Bad lighting in work situations is another hidden factor that produces vague dissatisfaction, discomfort and nervous strain—not to mention eye strain. Stephen Squillace, a lighting design expert now with the consulting firm of Smith, Hinchman and Grylls in Detroit, puts it very simply: "Most office lighting is not done properly—if the lighting is good, it's more often by accident than by design."

The usual culprit is the single, arbitrary lighting system—those wonderful rows of fluorescent tubes stuck in the ceiling, or whatever similar system was easiest to throw up without regard for the lighting requirements of specific tasks various people will perform on the premises. "Most lighting has been done based on the old theory of 'more light, better sight,' " Squillace says. "But high levels of light may not render a given task in a way that it is easily seen." Most offices are generally overlit—with often twice as much light as they need—while individuals within the office may be working in circumstances that are underlit. The result can be inefficiency, fatigue and perhaps a sense of dislocation caused mostly by the St. Vitus dance that the pupil of the eye must do to cope with over- or underlit situations, or simply to adjust countless times a day to looking around a room where there is upwards of 50 times as much light (or glare) in one place as in another.

In a correctly designed lighting system, the quantity of lighting is determined by the nature of the task, how much time is spent doing it, what instruments are used (pencil? pen? screwdriver?), on what kind of surface (plain paper or glossy? sheet metal? glass?). Experts use quantitative measurements and formulas along with reports of people who perform the task. The contrast in overall room luminance is also considered. Squillace, along with David Di Laura, developed a computer program that enables experts to comprehensively design a room not only for correct illumination but for the best inter-reflected light of all room surfaces. Squillace's computational scheme is gaining international acceptance and lighting engineering is at this point fairly sophisticated, yet few offices—and almost no industrial situations—are properly designed. The least an office can do is provide individuals with their own specific lighting and let them experiment. Overlighting is both more prevalent and more harmful than underlighting. Besides burning out your eyeballs, one of the other things it does is add to the room temperature—which, experts in another field say, is too hot already.

ing sag. It was only later in the evening, after he was home, that David remembered the things he was going to do and the brilliant strategies he had for doing them. His most creative hours were upon him. He usually found himself staying up half the night planning the next day (and making lists he couldn't comprehend the next morning) or else trying to sleep so he wouldn't be late for work again—with elaborate unsuccess.

David wasn't sick, nor was he morally lax or psychologically weak; he was just different—a night person. That there are "night people" who are different from "day people" is a part of urban folklore, but the difference is usually associated with social behavior only, night people being heavy-lidded, dreamy-eyed poets or late-night decadents who blossom under artificial light. Their noticeable lack of enthusiasm for the wonders of early morning is usually ascribed to overindulgence in the revelry of the night before. That isn't always true. Although there are social and attitudinal factors connected with why some are night people, most sleep and biorhythm researchers now agree that there is a biological distinction between people who awake feeling alert and do their best work in the morning, called Larks, and those who don't feel at all well for hours after rising and are at their best at night—the Owls. The usual 9 to 5 schedule may work out nicely for Larks, who happen to be the majority, but for Owls it can be anything from moderately disconcerting to genuinely perilous. David was an Owl because his biology was consistently out of kilter with the daylight work-world.

Biological clocks, or biorhythms, are words—and to most people, precious little else—that have been introduced into the marketplace of mundane ideas over the past few years. Research has revealed that the functions of our bodies fluctuate in regular but often complex patterns. (There is, for instance, not just an individual cycle for when body wastes are eliminated, but also several cycles within it for what chemicals get eliminated and when.) So far, little practical use has been made of this research, partly because the idea that the body is not a uniformly functioning machine that just needs to be rested and refueled is a new one. These biological cycles are not particularly noticeable except when they're seriously disrupted—after the proverbial long jet flight, for example, or when changing from a day to a night schedule. The discomfort we suffer at those times is an indication that we've violated the integrity of our bodies by throwing its delicately balanced systems out of sync. Respecting the regularity of our body's cycles is a key to well-being—but that regularity has to be our own. David's problem, and the problem of other pronounced Owls, was that his system was forced to be out of sync most of the time.

There are even rats who are Owls. Some of them were most energetic just after waking, while others didn't get into the swing of the experiments until much later

The Owls among us are identified not by how fast they are at post-midnight fandangos but at what point their body temperature peaks. Everyone's body temperature rises and falls a degree or more over twenty-four hours, reaching a low point during sleep. Most people's temperature falls immediately after retiring and begins rising again a few hours before they wake up, when it reaches "normal." But Dr. Lawrence Monroe at the University of Chicago discovered in his study of good and poor sleepers that the temperature of some people falls more slowly in sleep and doesn't start rising again for several hours after they're awake. Since rising body temperature is a rough indication of increasing energy, efficiency and alertness (Dr. Nathaniel Klietman of the University of Chicago is credited with this insight, confirmed by performance studies at the National Medical Research Labora-

William Kowinski is a free lance who lives in Cambridge, Mass.

ORIGINAL OLD RADIO SHOW RECORDS

★ Now, hear the original soundtracks on 33-1/3 rpm records!
★ Nostalgic album covers ready for framing!

A. Tarzan

B. Fibber McGee & Molly

C. The Lone Ranger

D. W. C. Fields

E. The Shadow

F. Humphrey Bogart

G. Ed Wynn The Fire Chief

H. Laurel & Hardy

I. Mandrake The Magician

J. George Burns & Gracie Allen

K. Dick Tracy

L. Tom Mix

M. Flash Gordon

N. Edgar Bergen & Charlie McCarthy

O. Nick Carter Master Detective

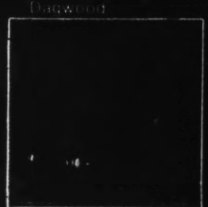
P. Blondie & Dagwood

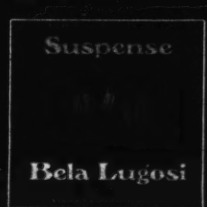
Q. Soap Operas

These are the "golden" originals of the greatest radio shows of all time! Each LP record is complete—12 inches—2 complete shows—with about 28 minutes of playing time per side.

$5.98 EACH

★ 5 for $29.95 (A $3.50 saving)
★ 10 for $51.95 (A $8.00 saving)
★ All 51 for $97.95 (A $20.00 saving)
★ Prices include postage and handling


R. The Green Hornet



S. Bela Lugosi in Suspense

T. Judy Garland (way back when)

U. Rudy Vallee

Please send check or money order payable to:
Liberty Library Corp., Dept. HY-1
c/o NEW TIMES, One Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

Please send me the items and quantities I've indicated below:

A ____	D ____	G ____	J ____	M ____	P ____	S ____
B ____	E ____	H ____	K ____	N ____	Q ____	T ____
C ____	F ____	I ____	L ____	O ____	R ____	U ____

Enclosed find $_____. Or charge to:

☐ American Express
☐ Master Charge Interbank No._____ Expiration Date_____
(located above your name)

(PLEASE PRINT)

Card Number _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

NY State residents add applicable sales tax.

tories in Cambridge, England), this means that some people really and truly "wake up" and go on to their peak performances later than others. The biological difference between day and night people has been further established by animal experiments—for it seems that there are even rats who are Owls. In the process of conducting sophisticated studies of circadian (twenty-four hour) rhythms in rats, Dr. Curt Ritcher of Johns Hopkins University spent so much time with his subjects that he got to know them individually. He noticed that some of them were most energetic just after waking, while others didn't get into the swing of the experiments until much later.

"There's no doubt the difference exists," sleep researcher Dr. Ernest Hartmann of Boston State Hospital says. "It affects some people more than others and it does have practical consequences." Since most people have been following a schedule imposed on them by somebody else for most of their lives, it's hard for them to be aware of the consequences. But the different schedules practiced by people in occupations without set hours does indicate the difference. People in the arts are the most obvious examples. Although painters are supposed to favor the morning light, Pablo Picasso maintained a lifelong schedule of seeing his friends early in the day and working at night. Balzac is perhaps literature's most legendary Owl, churning out his novels in all-night caffeinated stints. James Joyce also followed the Owl pattern: glazed mornings followed by energetic afternoons. Some other night writers are John Updike, James Dickey, Joan Didion, Germaine Greer, William Styron, Philip Roth and John Cheever. Literature's Larks, on the other hand, include Hemingway, William Faulkner, Norman Mailer, Henry Miller, Anita Loos and Truman Capote.

What causes some people to be Larks and others Owls is not yet known, though it appears to be genetic and may have something to do with time of birth (Owls are born later in the day according to this as yet unproven theory). Biorhythm researchers haven't pursued the Lark/Owl phenomenon very far ("From a theoretical standpoint, it's not very interesting," Dr. Hartmann explained) and sociologists have yet to research its effects. So the Owl might be nothing but a scientific oddity were it not for the side effects of being a night person in a daytime-oriented world. Owls typically complain of feeling weak and vulnerable in the first part of the day, especially when others around them are aggressively hearty. There are Owls in grade schools as well as offices, and they are even less able to understand why they can't cut it in the morning. Owls may even notice their lower body temperature in the morning if they typically feel colder then, regardless of the weather. The interaction between Owls and Larks is always a little out of sync, which has social consequences of a seemingly piquant but sometimes unnerving nature. For instance, a Lark mother who is upset because her Owl child won't eat breakfast and can't tell her why—in fact, can't say much of anything; or Owl teachers who can't control morning classes but teach brilliantly all afternoon to napping Larks.

Lark mothers get upset because an Owl child won't eat breakfast and can't tell her why; Owl teachers teach brilliantly all afternoon to napping Larks

The incongruities become particularly unsettling when a Lark and an Owl live together—a contemporary format for mixed marriage. A male Owl mated with a female Lark testifies: "We each tried to rearrange our schedules, but she just couldn't stay up at night and I couldn't sleep—I mean, if the nighttime is the only time you feel good, why go to sleep in the middle of it? So we wound up spending our evenings together in bed—she'd be sleeping and I'd be watching TV. . . . A lot of the time it was a case of a Lark and an Owl being eyeball to eyeball—and one of us just nodded out." Aside from logistics, they had problems with self-esteem. "She thought she was a natural-born drudge, and I thought the reason I slept late was angst." Dr. William A. Nolen, author of *The Making of A Surgeon* and *Healing*, who himself has a similiar but opposite problem (he's the Lark of the house) proposes that ". . . each accept the fact that the other marches to a different drummer and live their lives accordingly." Dr. Albert Ellis, specialist in sex and mar-

. . .And cooling off

Cryobiologist Dr. Charles Huggins of Massachusetts General Hospital keeps his office temperature at 64 degrees all winter—which, in this non-energy-crisis year is anywhere from 8 to 18 degrees cooler than most offices. He does it because it's healthier. That may come as a surprise to the folks running around snug offices, sweating in short sleeves and . . . sniffling. There's snow a foot high outside and they're hitting the water cooler as if it were the last oasis in the Gobi. The reason for the sniffles and the desert ambience is that the problem is not so much the heat as the humidity.

The humidity in overheated offices is so low that the air dries out the nose and throat, impairing the body's first line of defense against respiratory illness—the mucous membranes—and sapping the organism of precious bodily fluid. Chronic sore throats, colds, increased susceptibility to viruses and flu, not to mention the late winter blahs, are all effects of the overheated office, especially in combination with regulation office stress. Some new buildings have humidifying systems, but when the temperatures are very low outside and the heat is high inside, the windows tend to steam up. Which, as Dr. Huggins points out, "is not considered very aesthetic." So off go the humidifiers. In older office buildings—built, say, way back in 1960—sunlight streaming through windows on one side of an office can create a greenhouse effect, which means that either the thermostat is kept high and the whole office bakes, or it's turned down and one side basks while the other freezes. Newer buildings compensate with anti-greenhouse glass on windows that don't open to let the air in. But then, considering the condition of the air . . . but why go on.

Overheating occurs often because of uniform control for large buildings, and in that case the solution is to turn down the thermostat. Dr. Huggins advises a temperature of from 64 to 68 degrees F—70 at the most. Temperatures higher than that, he says, are "quite dangerous." The physical adjustment to lower temperatures is also simple: you wear wool sweaters instead of short-sleeve Ban-Lon—but it is the psychological adjustment that causes problems. "In summer," Dr. Huggins points out, "many offices are air conditioned to colder temperatures than people would stand for in the winter. . . ."And then, in a manner reminiscent of long-suffering Raymond Massey in the old Doctor Kildare series, he adds, "I've never been able to figure out that aspect of human nature."

While The News Media Watch The World

Who Watches The News Media?

"All I know is what I read in the papers."

Will Rogers said that. We believe that there's some truth in this comment, and a warning, too.

Whomever we talk to, wherever we go, we try to get the truth behind the headlines. Who did what? Where? How? Did the story get distorted by the time it reached the public? If so, how? Who benefited? Did distortion affect *your* thoughts and actions?

The COLUMBIA JOURNALISM REVIEW is an eye-opener. More than any other publication in the country, CJR helps you keep your eye on the people in power (the people who make the news and the people who report it). CJR is proud to be known as the national monitor of the media.

For a limited time, CJR will be offered to you at an introductory rate of $12.00 for 9 issues, which is one-third off the regular price.

Subscribe now. Our guarantee: if for any reason you wish to cancel, your money will be refunded for all unmailed issues. That's because we are confident that you'll be glad you subscribed.

Tear off and mail this coupon today

Columbia Journalism Review
700 Journalism Building Columbia University
New York, New York 10027

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

☐ Send me 18 months (9 issues) of the Columbia Journalism Review for just $12, and bill me.

BONUS: Two Extra Issues If You Enclose Payment Now.

☐ I have enclosed payment with my order, enabling me to receive 22 months (11 issues) of CJR.

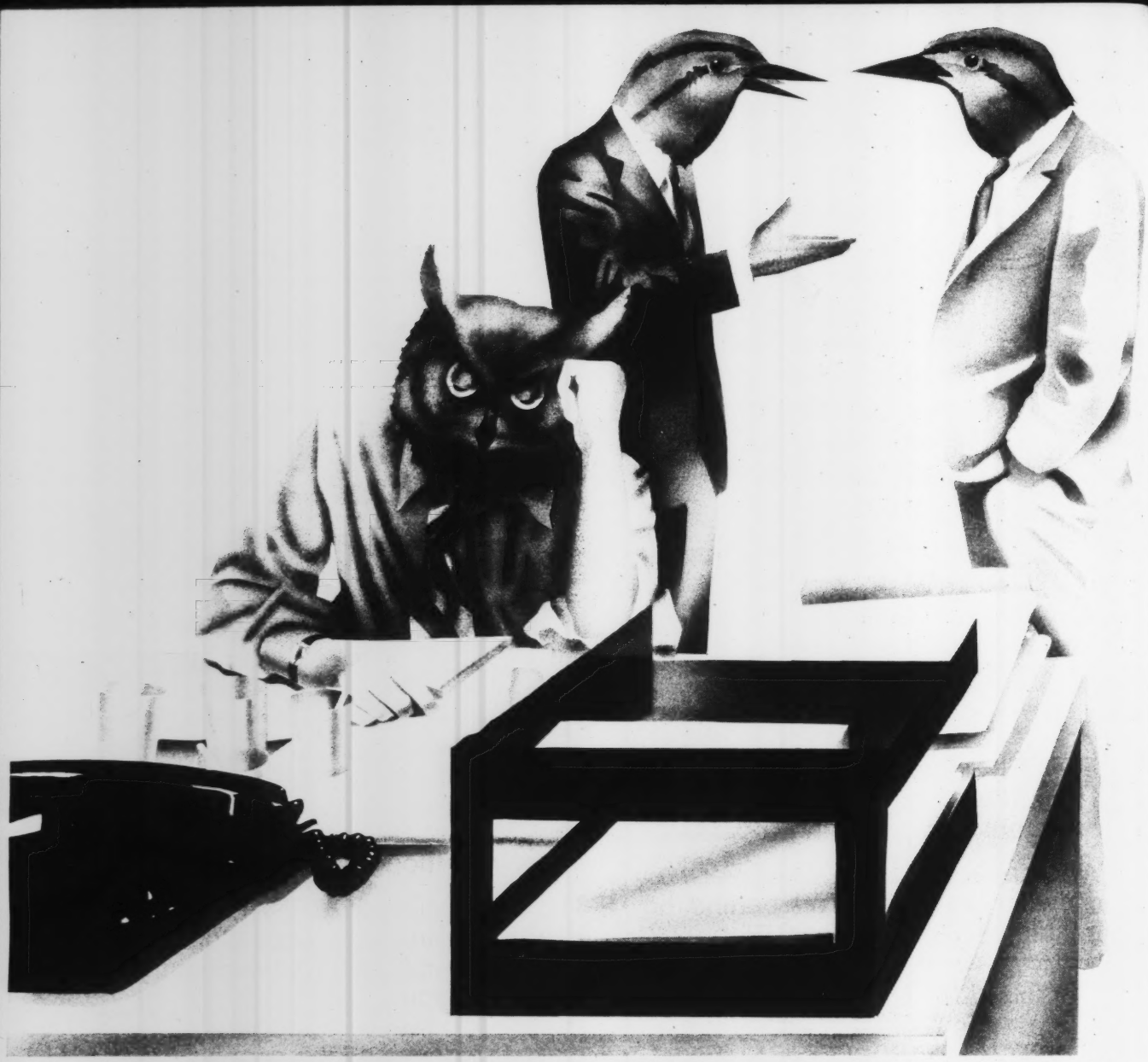
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

COLUMBIA JOURNALISM Review

A1005



riage, goes so far as to advise (in *Harper's Bazaar*) that Larks and Owls might be better off not marrying each other at all.

Aside from social dislocations, the main danger to an Owl in a Lark's world is stress. When people are subjected to demanding tasks and situations at their weaker hours, they are less able to handle the stress involved—and coping with stress in the morning takes energy the Owl just doesn't have. When repeated day after day (especially when it is reinforced by repetition at the same time of day), this stress can have serious effects. According to Marc Richelle, president of the Belgium Psychological Society, "Some researchers have observed that the regularity of the stress-producing stimuli seems to be responsible for creating neuroses in animals under experimental conditions. Thus, the arbitrary work schedules that are imposed upon modern man may lead to physical and psychological disorders—as may the deadly regularity of assembly-line jobs." Experiments as well as human experience also show that the effects of both stress and boredom can range from skin rashes, chest pains and chronic fatigue to personality disorders and serious stomach trouble—and, of course, the bane of every office: the unremitting tension headache.

Owls aren't the only ones who have to face stress at weak points in their energy cycle. Larks who work overtime or who are on a four-day extended-hours work week tend to weaken considerably toward the end of their day. Other cycles that affect physical health, mental presence and emotional stability follow patterns that may not jive with the inflexible 9 to 5 schedule. Once the problems of significant biorhythm dislocation are clarified and recognized, making schedules responsive to the physical and psychological needs of employees is an obvious step. A flexible work day whereby employees can vary their starting and leaving times within certain limits, called flexi-time, has been developed in a number of European companies, mostly in Germany and Switzerland, since 1967. (However, the firm that first introduced flexi-time, Messerschmidt-Bolkow-Blohm of Munich, allowed employees to begin between 7:00 and 8:00 a.m., no big bonus for Owls.) Experiments in flexi-time have recently begun in the United States, with

John Hancock Life Insurance of Boston reporting cautious satisfaction with a small pilot program. Einar Mohn, vice-president of the Teamster's Union, has proposed a modular system of scheduling in increments smaller than eight hours, and other labor leaders have made different suggestions on how to modify the usual pattern. But neither the European flexi-time, which was begun primarily to alleviate traffic congestion, nor these American proposals are designed to respond to individual differences in biorhythms—or in anything else. In their Upjohn Institute Report on "Changing Schedules of Work," Albert Glickman and Zenia Brown write, "The individual has been expected to accommodate to the pre-determined structure. By and large, we treat everyone in the group alike. 'Fairness' has been essentially interpreted as dealing with everyone in the same way. Individual differences have presented a problem, but the main concern has been to keep at a minimum the impact of individual differences on the total system's operation."

Individual differences are often treated by employers as illegitimate, as attempts to shirk and cheat. Employees themselves often think of them as abnormal and self-indulgent. We like to think of ourselves as the kind of machines that only need fuel and occasional maintenance to operate at the same level of efficiency all the time. Biological cycles tell us otherwise, and they are in a sense the key to thinking about the other changes that are needed in the way we work—better and less boring organization of tasks, better lighting and temperature control, more human use of space and time, more human use of humans—the changes that employees are increasingly demanding along with economic benefits. For, by their very nature, biorhythms tell us that we are not made of insensitive steel, like desks or lathes. They tell us that we are not dynamos or even computers, but vastly more complex organic mechanisms with processes and subtleties that demand respect.

To learn to understand and live with our own rhythms and not punish ourselves for not conforming to standards our bodies don't recognize may in turn require that we apply this knowledge to a perception of what our rights as individuals are. Two facts of modern life may be on the brink of collision: that we spend a great deal of our lives at work, and that health and well-being are increasingly recognized as civil rights in our society. We can't be expected to operate like machines and we can't expect ourselves to. And even if we don't realize that, our bodies do. ●

MOVING?

PLEASE NOTIFY US
4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE
OF NEW ADDRESS

Miss/Mrs./Mr.
Name (please print)

New Address Apt. No.

City State Zip

ATTACH LABEL HERE for address change or inquiry; or attach page with name and present address. If moving, list new address above. Note: Your subscription expiration date is printed at the right end of the top line on your mailing label.

Mail to:

NEW TIMES
P.O. Box 2948
Boulder, Colorado
80302

THE HUDSON VALLEY IS UP FOR GRABS:

This is HUDSON VALLEY - the regional magazine for the fastest growing market in the Northeast. Call or write us for full details on a media buy you just can't refuse!

HUDSON
VALLEY
MAGAZINE
Main St.,
Pleasant Valley,
N Y. 12569
(914)
635-3045

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Copy:

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

Send to:
NEW TIMES Classified
NEW TIMES Magazine
1 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

I enclose $_____ for _____ words. To run in _____ issues. 85¢ per word, minimum 10 words. 75¢ per word, 6 insertions. 65¢ per word, 12 insertions or more. P.O. Box number and telephone numbers count as two words each: Abbreviations and zip codes count as one word each. Area codes must accompany phone numbers. Full payment must accompany order. Make checks payable to New Times Communication Corp.

A woman out from under the influence

For years a devoted wife and mother, actress Gena Rowlands has come into her own as the "wacko" housewife of husband John Cassavetes' new hit film. "Every woman in the world has terrible anxieties," she says, "because our whole life is based on emotion"

By Sandra Shevey

Within the walls of her own house, Gena Rowlands is comfortable. Successful as a wife and mother—and now as an actress, too—she is surrounded at home by those for whom she cares the most: her family. Her children, home for the Christmas holidays, are forever flitting back and forth between the kitchen and the living room, where "Mom" is being interviewed, to exchange jokes and pleasantries, or simply to say, "Hi." They are Xan (9), eating pizza; Nicky (15), six-foot-five and strapping, just back from football practice; Zoe (4), resting her head in her mother's lap. But, when she's away from the kids, Gena (with a soft "e") Rowlands' maternal solicitude gives way to unabashed pride in herself—and why not? For years a devoted wife and mother who placed her own career aspirations second, Rowlands has wowed audiences with a guts-on-the-table, critically cheered film performance that may catapult her into that coveted Hollywood status known as "bankability."

"When I first read the script for *A Woman Under the Influence*," she says, "I was awestruck. Not only by the part, which was *marvelous* for any actress, but by the fact that John saw these things and was able to write about them with such compassion." John, of course, is John Cassavetes, Gena's director-actor-writer husband, and his new film, *Woman*, is the story of a tempestuous marriage—some say John and Gena's marriage. Gena denies that rumor, but concedes that the Cassavetes' frequent and normal marital tiffs may have been the "germ" for the idea. Gena also denies that she's Mabel Longhetti, the emotionally hemophilic woman of the film's title, although she says her personality may have provided a "rough outline" for the part. In any case, the role fits her like a glove; it's a splendid showcase for her multiple talents and has made her a strong contender for the Best Actress Oscar. The accolades keep on coming, and Rowlands has already received the Golden Globe Award for Best Actress as well as a citation from the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures; nightly, crowds wind around the block of the Fox-Wilshire Theater in Los Angeles, where *Woman* opened a few weeks ago.

Nestled in the folds of a plush velvet brocade sofa, Gena Rowlands sits quietly, almost demurely, pouring tea into china cups, her long, elegant fingers holding the pot, her long, elegant legs folded under a long and elegant torso. Streaming silvery-blonde hair frames a face at once brittle and fearful and shy, protected by a certain glacial intensity. Quite contrary to her screen image as a "gawky goony bird," Rowlands is exceedingly well coordinated—actually very graceful, comely in fact. She wears cocoa brown slacks and a sweater, with a matching blouse, brown sandpiper shoes and black wooly socks; when one looks at her, one thinks of Yeats' wild swan (albeit a domesticated swan, swaddled in fashions from I. Magnin) whose primitive instincts, at least temporarily, have been housebroken. Rowlands smiles an inscrutable, strange, proto-Gioconda Smile: she takes *personal* satisfaction in her victory and one suspects that she may not need the press adulation to tell her that she's good. With apparent nonchalance she scans the newspaper clippings and cover stories scattered amidst the Venetian grandeur of her rococo Laurel Canyon living room with its high-beamed ceilings and brightly polished wooden floors. "To a neophyte, the attention must be a thrill—like a sorority rush," she says. "But I've been working too long

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM SHAW

and too hard to be overly impressed."

The ease with which Gena takes her victory is unnerving. You wish she'd get up and dance and shout, and scream: something to let *you* know that she knows she did a helluva job, giving a performance so lean and understated, despite the possibilities for melodrama and hysteria—a performance so lacking in the mannerisms and self-consciousness associated with "star" acting. And this, mind you, after 10 years on the proverbial acting shelf, with only occasional forays into the theatrical arena for a film, or a guest appearance on television. But talking about Mabel (about whom Gena feels exceedingly protective) is difficult, and upon each subsequent viewing of the film she is known to dissolve into tears. At first her voice is barely audible, but it increases in volume as she feels more confident with you. "I loved Mabel so much that I wanted to do right by her. I never loved a character more than this one. That's why, above all, I pleaded with John: 'Please, let's not romanticize her martyrdom.' Consequently, we tried to put a lot of pep and humor into the part, in an effort to lessen the emphasis on sorrow and suffering, which the storyline projects. Throughout the film I believe that you have a sense of the valiance of her struggle, however ineffectual."

Woman is not your average Hollywood look at love and marriage, wherein both partners share equally in the guilt and responsibility. Cassavetes makes a decidedly "feminist" statement about our venerated institutions, and their lack of responsiveness to women. Mabel is "done in" by anti-feminist social attitudes reinforced by a psychiatric bias that postulates one set of standards for men and another for women. As Phyllis Chesler points out in *Women and Madness*—required reading for the film: "Since women are allowed fewer total behaviors and are more strictly confined to their role-sphere than men are, women, more than men, will commit more behaviors that are seen as 'ill' or 'unacceptable.'" Which is why the eccentricities of Mabel's husband, Nick (Peter Falk), are indulged and pampered, whereas Mabel's peculiarities are rebuked and repressed. And it is the ordinariness of this sexism—the woman crucified by an egg beater—that Cassavetes shows in his pop art tableau of rage and disappointment. The last image is unforgettable: Mabel—back from the mental hospital and looking like a pastry shell ready for baking—becomes an Everywoman prisoner from the Auschwitz of everyday living.

And yet the betrayal of Mabel, Gena feels, is not a result of intentional cruelty, but ignorance. "Everyone—the doctor, the mothers-in-law, the husband, want to do right by Mabel. Which is why Peter's depiction of Nick is so touching. How he tries to get through to this woman, because he loves her and knows how delicate the balance is. But he gets bored. He gets sick of her nuttiness—picking up strange guys in bars,—and he's embarrassed by her in front of his friends. A lot of things that shouldn't have anything to do with love. And for a period there he doesn't love her, and that, in my opinion, is what makes her 'wacko,' as he calls her—pushing her off the deep end. Sensing that love's gone, sensing betrayal, precipitates her breakdown. Because until this time she is okay—a little 'flaky' perhaps, but a lot closer to the normal state of women than most people would like to admit."

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM SHAW

Rowlands and Peter Falk in *Woman:* crucified by an egg beater.

"If it weren't for acting, I think that I would be a lot crazier than Mabel"

How an actress manifests the intensity of affection that she feels for a character is always problematical ("it's easiest to play baddies, who are most definitive"), especially when the scripted character is as diffuse as Mabel. "As fond as I was of Mabel, I couldn't quite grasp how to play her. Something was missing—something that would trigger the interpretation. I read and reread the script, trying to recall incidents from my own childhood. But it was after a visit from an old friend that I got my clue: an actress of some reknown in the '50s, who gave up her career after a nervous breakdown and who now lives in virtual seclusion. Totally vulnerable and giving, she had no sense of her own worth, and was completely mirrored in the eyes of men. Now, they didn't ask her to be that way. But then, they didn't ask her *not* to."

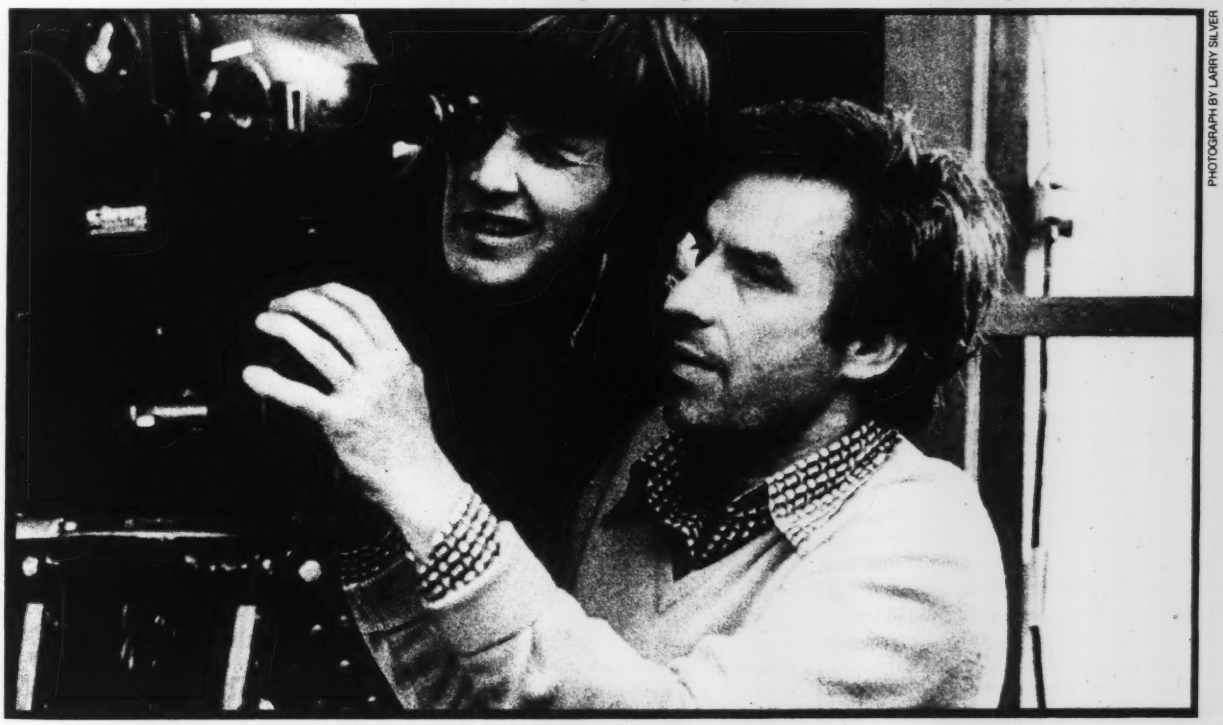
Sounds of laughter and shouting from the kitchen drift into the living room, and Zoe toddles back wearing a white piqué nightgown several sizes too big and holding a massive safety pin. The girl's locks of shiny brown hair and mischievous grin ("she resembles her father") prove irresistible to her mother, who briefly interrupts the conversation to fasten the frock. "There's a little of Mabel in all of us, I believe," Gena goes on. "The raw, primitive and uneducated part of a woman that longs to love and to be loved—with abandon and without condition, without games or devices. I know too well what that is. I also know what it is to hear the silence of that house once your husband has left for work and your children are off to school. That's enough to drive you crazy! The things that you've given your whole life to that suddenly disappear—even though you know it's temporary. I believe that women specialize in their own disaster films: buses crashing and husbands dropping over in offices. I think that every woman in the world has terrible anxieties, because our whole life is based on emotion. It could happen tomorrow, except that it's Christmas vacation—thank God!—and Nicky, Xan and Zoe are all running around the house. But unlike Mabel, I know how to cope with my emotionalism: how to go off to the Actors

Sandra Shevey is a free lance who lives in Hollywood.

Studio for a workout where, with a group of other actors, I can do it—act it out, perform it and discharge it. If it weren't for acting, I think that I would be a lot crazier than Mabel." It could be said that *A Woman Under the Influence* should be subtitled "A Love Letter to Gena," since it is Cassavetes' first film to come to terms with the defeating chauvanism of his previous efforts. Nick Longhetti is perhaps an extension and caricature of John, a mouthpiece for his personal confusion about marriage and responsibility, and the manipulation and exploitation that goes on wittingly and unwittingly. For, despite Gena's protestations that "it was *my* decision," the disruption of her promising screen career, her delayed maturation into what director Ida Lupino calls "the greatest living film actress," is, after all, an indisputable fact. And, at some point, it might be possible that John blames himself. Months after a triumphant signing with MGM in 1958, Rowlands asked to be released from her contract because of pregnancy, a decision considered by industry chums to be "insane," and "a certifiable form of madness." "Friends said that I had lost my mind. They begged John to 'talk to me.' But nothing could dissuade me. For the first time, I was completely and utterly happy. And this from a woman who never wanted children, so in no way was I projecting the maternal fantasies of adolescence. There was simply this great upsurge of emotion after childbirth, for which I was in no way prepared. And if I had it to do over again, I'd do precisely the same thing."

Gena was born Virginia Cathryn Rowlands in Cambria, Wisconsin (population, 700), on June 19. She is one of two children. Her brother is a Navy pilot. Her father was a state senator, so they traveled a lot. Her mother is an amateur artist who always wanted to be a professional. "My dad never forbade her. He just never *encouraged* her." By the time Gena was 16 she had lived in six cities—Milwaukee, Washington, Arlington, Madison, Houston and New York—and had applied to and been accepted on scholarship at the Greet Academy and Jarvis Repertory Theater. ("I always wanted to become an actress.") At her father's request she took two years at college at the University of Wisconsin, but quit in order to attend the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City. Her lucky break came the night Irving Graham caught one of her performances at the Provincetown Playhouse, and signed her for *All Above Love*, a nightclub revue, by George Axelrod and Max Wilke. A year on tour in *The Seven Year Itch* led to an obscure part in a Goodyear Playhouse drama (with Cassavetes) where she was spotted by Josh Logan for his Broadway production of *Middle of the Night*. Subsequently "discovered" by a talent scout, she was signed to a three-picture-a-year contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, only one of which she completed—a delightfully funny romantic comedy with Jose Ferrer called *The High Cost of Loving*. Critics compared her to Carol Lombard and Miriam Hopkins and predicted that she would go far.

If behind every great man is a woman, behind every great woman is a mother. Oils of the three Cassavetes children painted by Lady (her given name) Rowlands, Gena's mother, occupy a special place in the wall decor, next to holiday mistletoe and Delacroix's Lady Liberty. Presently, Lady Rowlands is in Los Angeles with her daughter, pursuing a full-blown acting career. At John's insistence she made her screen debut as Minnie's mother in *Minnie and Moskowitz*, following that with her portrayal of Mabel's mother in *Woman*. Discovering that she "adored" acting, Lady Rowlands decided to stick around, and got herself a Hollywood agent, who landed her two features and a Lily Tomlin television special. "Looking back, I think that my mother was a feminist, although not a liberationist or a militant," Gena says, "and that she was responsible for my becoming an actress. I remember how critically she'd look if I ever said that I wanted to be a nurse instead of a doctor. She thought that all choices should be open to you. If you had



PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY SILVER

Cassavetes (and son Nicky, 15): "Gena's a mean actress."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARY ELLEN MARK

With Zoe, 4: "this great upsurge of emotion after childbirth."

to be better than the boys to do it, that was all right. That was not held against the System. Just so that you could be allowed in."

Being "allowed in," as Gena recalls, meant a battery of unanticipated studio strictures—a whole list of do's and don'ts that had carried over from the '30s and '40s—for which Gena was totally unprepared. To this day she shrieks if a press release goes out with a reference to "her wiggle" or "chic contours." "I remember once I had given out an interview in which I said that I didn't like a certain kind of dog. Someone from the Publicity Department rushed down to tell me that MGM stars liked *all* kinds of dogs, and that I would offend many dog lovers across the country if I said that. Another time I remember that they told me that 'actresses should never carry anything, ever. Anyplace.' I said, 'How do you shop?' And they said, 'You have things delivered.' How careful they must have been in those days. How actors must have guarded their every action. It must have been a nightmare."

Ironically, it was Cassavetes who lured his wife *out* of semi-retirement and back to the screen by scripting character parts that she couldn't refuse, beginning with *Faces* in 1968 and followed by *Minnie and Moskowitz* and now *Woman*. Whether the confessional aspects of the new film have been as cathartic for Gena as for John, and whether it has perceptibly altered either of their lifestyles, is uncertain. Cassavetes seems still to think of himself as the breadwinner, and Rowlands still appears to view herself as the wife and mother. He is at work preparing a partially completed novel for production, and she—anxious to remain in town to be near her 4-year-old—is confining her pick of the cinematic crop to locally based productions.

Any intimation that she should take a crash course in sexual politics is frowned upon and, in fact, produces a chain reaction of non sequiturs about "saving the baby from the bath water" and "keeping the thunder and lightning in romance." Like many women of her generation, Rowlands prefers to wait for things to happen rather than to initiate them. And, in her case, the mythic promise has been fulfilled—for, in fact, her husband writes winning women's parts for his wife. "It's never been a question of upstaging," assures Gena. "Just the reverse. John pushes me forward instead of himself at any time that he can. For example, at the New York Film Festival screening of our film, both director and star are supposed to stand up and take a bow. Well, the lights went on, and there was a thunderous ovation. To hear 1,800 people clapping their hands in unison is glorious. I was so thrilled that I turned around to John. But he wasn't there. And I knew what he had done. He wanted it to be my moment. My moment entirely."

The attraction between immovable object (F) ("I never wanted to marry") and irresistible force (M) began with a whirlwind courtship which culminated in marriage just months after Cassavetes had spotted a superb performance by the girl in the Red Dress in an American Academy showcase. The union has lasted 21 years—a record high for Hollywood marriages. More commendable, perhaps, because the couple work *and* play together.

Gena finds John's turbulence, bravura, flare—spare her the term "machismo" ("I don't know of another man who worries less about his manhood")—tremendously stimulating. "I admire the guts it takes to live like John—that close to the knife. Other people look squinched up next to him. It's the attraction of the Anglo-Saxon to the Greek, I suppose. Anyway, he's my Mediterranean madman, and I wouldn't have it any other way."

Like Taylor and Burton, Woodward and Newman, on-the-set stories about Rowlands and Cassavetes are legendary. The tempestuousness that works at home proves a hindrance at the office, and colleagues will tell you that the dissension derives from temperamental differences. John likes to work in an open, friendly, lively set, with lots of kidding around, whereas Gena requires quiet and calm to concentrate. "Although socially I adore John's passion for living—his joie de vivre, the funny, flamboyant, unpredictable things he'll do, like putting our house on the market every time he begins a new project—when I am working and when I

come on to that sound stage at 6 a.m., I don't want fun and games. I don't wish to be disturbed from my character. So, I'm not as congenial or as much fun or as sociable as someone else, which John seems to resent. Frankly, I don't make myself accommodating on the set, because I haven't come for fun or a party. Which is true of just about anyone that you act with. There's always a lot of kidding around, lots of talk about what you did the evening before, or what you're doing that evening. What you did in Paris last year—all talk unrelated to your work. Which is what may have triggered John's remark: 'Gena's a mean actress.'

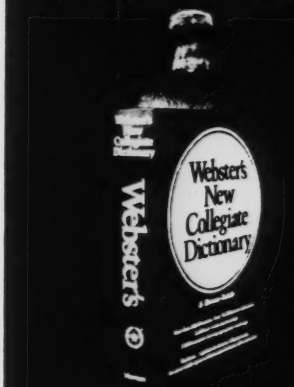
"What he really meant to say was that I don't concern myself with the problems of other actors, and that I don't expect them to concern themselves with mine, except when it involves the dynamics of the scene." With mock pleading, Gena clowns: "All I want to do when I go to work is to act. I don't want to fool around." The bit produces a rainfall of giggles from the amused Zoe. "Also, a lot of the problems are built into the situation of married people working together, which subsequent to *Faces*—that was bloody murder to get through—have been resolved. I wasn't accustomed to John's professional scrutiny. I was used to him seeing me through the eyes of love. Which I guess scared me a little. Since then, I've learned to disregard the fact that we're married at all. I really don't think of it. Once we're on the set, it's as if I were working with anyone. When you see that something is uncreative, it's easy to drop."

"My God, how desperately we need women in all areas of production—as camerawomen, producers, directors and screenwriters"

The success of *A Woman Under the Influence* is a reflection of the growing influence of the women's movement, and, even in Hollywood, that movement is making its presence felt. When Rowlands first arrived there in the early '60s, the only women on a film set were the wardrobe mistress, the makeup lady, perhaps a unit publicist and the actress—the latter being the only acceptable role then for a woman in the movie business. When Gena walked out on a set at Metro back then, she had to face 60 men; though it didn't bother her at the time, it does now. "It never occurred to me that there would be any woman members of the crew—that is, not until the current commotion pressing for more women in the guilds. But, my God, how desperately we need women in all areas of production—as camerawomen, producers, directors and screenwriters. There are vast areas of the female experience that haven't begun to be tapped, and which won't be, except when women begin to write about them. *Woman* was the tip of the iceberg, because John—for all his sympathy with and sensitivity to the female condition, cannot possibly project himself into the head of a woman. However, the receipts from the film indicate a revival of interest in the woman's picture, which might create a market. There is so much *natural drama* in a woman's life—not only in the realm of female fantasy, which has never been satisfactorily explored—but in childbirth, and the resulting body changes, and how this affects women psychologically. Aging. Physical decay. Menopause. I could go on and on."

Long before the current craze attending better roles for women, back in the early '60s, Gena Rowlands was hollering about the quality and quantity of good female parts. "For a long time women were immensely unpopular in this country. Sometimes I think that the Momist craze, the Philip Wylie thing, made it fashionable to criticize women. Women were portrayed as the Perfect Mother, the Perfect Housekeeper, the Perfect Career Woman and the Perfect Wife. Oh, there were a few good parts. But they went to the Italian beauties—Gina or Sophia—or the British imports—Julie, Vanessa and Susannah. However, I think that the tide is changing, and, hopefully, we'll see these changes reflected in films. Today's lifestyles are more multiple and varied, and provide women with alternative choices. When else would a 60-year-old woman have begun an acting career? Which is what my mother did. Women have begun to realize that we share common problems. Consequently we have become freer and less inhibited in discovering who and what we are. It's no longer either/or—Wife or Careerist. We can be a lot of *different* people at the same time, and *none* of them has to be perfect. In a sense, women are reclaiming their humanity, and what a tremendous impact that will have on us all." Gena looks deep into the eyes of her daughter. Her grin is deliciously gleeful, full of merriment and intrigue. "And you know what," she declares, "I rejoice in that change." Zoe shakes her head in agreement. "Me too!" ●

ef·fer·ves·cent



Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary

It's where the words live.

MERRIAM-WEBSTER

They call us
THE PROFESSIONALS

...EVEN if we are a messenger delivery service.

MISTER MESSENGER, INC. is our name. 532-0800 is our telephone number.

We take a common sense approach to our business. Clean, sharp signatures on all deliveries. Neatly dressed, courteous and efficient messengers, as well as Truck Delivery Men for heavier than hand carryable packages. Paid hourly whether they sit or are out running. This is why we can offer WITHIN THE HOUR DELIVERIES. Fair rates.

Secretaries, mail room personnel, corporation presidents — all receive the very same respect and courtesy. We work with dignity and ease and an honest sense of responsibility.

We open at 8 AM and we close when our last delivery has been made THAT DAY and NOT TOMORROW!

Maybe this is why our clients call us THE PROFESSIONALS.

Join THE PROFESSIONALS.

Mister Messenger, Inc.

(212) 532-0800

downtown
midtown
uptown
all around the town
and even out-of-town

MOVIES

Dark at the roots

By Frank Rich

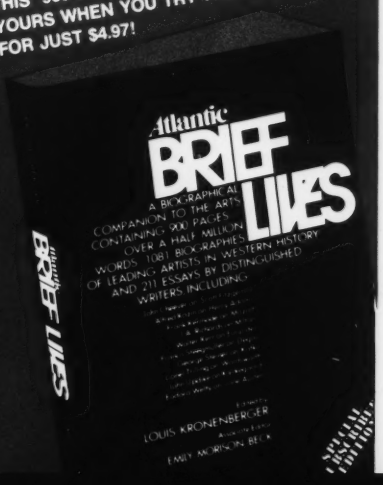
November 5, 1968—the day during which most of Hal Ashby's new film, **Shampoo**, takes place—was one of those days that the whole country would have been better off spending in bed. There was an election that day, but it was a pointless one, serving only to ratify what had long since been an established fact: that the most convulsive of modern decades would end not with a bang but with a whimper, not in orgasmic social upheaval but in a makeshift truce, the moral equivalent to coitus interruptus. After all those years of war at home and abroad, there would be, in the end, no real catharsis—only a peculiarly American anti-catharsis, a void. Across our television screens smirked the face of Richard Nixon, and that was no accident: he was a man whose time had clearly come. A society had been severed from its roots and, rather than replant the roots, people were ready to loot the wreckage. The boom was on; Nixon, the archetypal Southern Californian of no fixed beliefs or abode, was the ideal leader to bring us together to get while the getting was good. As irony would have it, it was Nixon's home state that put him over the top on that long election night—and that is the historical background against which *Shampoo* unfolds. The film is set a freeway or so away from San Clemente, in Beverly Hills, and it thrusts us into an indigenous lifestyle built on greed and duplicity at the precise moment that that lifestyle was to sweep beyond its natural habitat to become a national ethic. Ostensibly a sex comedy about a Beverly Hills hairdresser (Warren Beatty) who screws his clients, *Shampoo* is also a description of an era as seen from the vantage point of the threshold of that era: as we watch the movie's uniformly venal characters play out their manipulative game of musical beds on November 5, 1968, we can never forget that one of their spiritual brethren is, on that same rotten day, receiving a mandate to go to Washington and turn this rootless brand of amorality into a holy cause. *Shampoo* is a burlesque that translates the horrors of the '70s into the frivolous terms of a sex farce, but it's hard to dismiss the shenanigans we watch on screen as Beverly Hills monkey business. The distance between us and these people is never as great as we'd like to believe; sometimes *Shampoo* makes you feel that everything that's been wrong with your world for the past six years is being vomited up in your face.

As American comedies go, *Shampoo* is extraordinarily cruel; you can never really warm up to it, and a lot of people are bound to find it exasperating and repulsive. But it is, I think, one of the more important American films of the past few years, even though it is not truly one of the best. That importance comes from what *Shampoo* says rather than how it says it; though the movie represents no aesthetic breakthroughs, it points the way to a new, revisionist black comedy that departs markedly in tone and meaning from the apocalyptic, absurdist American films of the '60s. Unlike Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove*, Nichols' *Catch-22* and *Carnal Knowledge*, the Alan Arkin-Jules Feiffer *Little Murders* or the street satires of Brian DePalma, *Shampoo* does not present jagged, explosive visions of a society simmering at its boiling point. Nor does it employ the neurotic cadences of urban-Jewish humor that, through the efforts of such diverse talents as Lenny Bruce, Nichols and May, Feiffer, Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks, Woody Allen and Neil Simon, became the '60s' principal verbal vehicle for bitter comedy. *Shampoo* finds dark laughter in the hazy, lazy sunlight—in a landscape where the tempo is slow rather than chaotic. The murderous tension of the '60s—a tension arising out of the widely held belief that the world was coming to an end—does not exist in this movie; in its place is a languid drifting sensation that befits a film set on what was, in essence, the first day of our current decade. *Shampoo*'s protagonists are confident in the durability of their world, and they are determined to get their share of it. They are vandals who are anxious to grab anything or anybody that isn't nailed down and, since nothing is nailed down, their lives take the form of a perpetual free-for-all. These are people who never say what they mean or, God forbid, what they know to be true—they only say what will best get them what they want, usually doing so in an obfuscating double talk that is the Nixon era's principal contribution to our culture. ("Are you married?" one of *Shampoo*'s women asks a man she wouldn't be averse to sleeping with. "Sometimes," he answers.) While the rambling homes and lofty glass-enclosed offices where most of the movie's action takes place are fabulously affluent, the furniture always looks rented: the physical environment of this film seems to float as much as its occupants do. Throughout the movie we find characters staring at themselves in mirrors, for only by seeing their reflected images can

Hawn, Beatty and Christie in Ashby's *Shampoo*: a new, revisionist black comedy.

FREE!

THIS 900-PAGE REFERENCE BOOK—YOURS WHEN YOU TRY THE ATLANTIC FOR JUST $4.97!



Please send me Brief Lives *free* and start my 8-month Atlantic subscription for just $4.97
($3.03 *less* than newsstand price).

Enclose payment or charge your credit card now and get Brief Lives at once; or we'll bill you later and send Brief Lives the day we receive payment.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

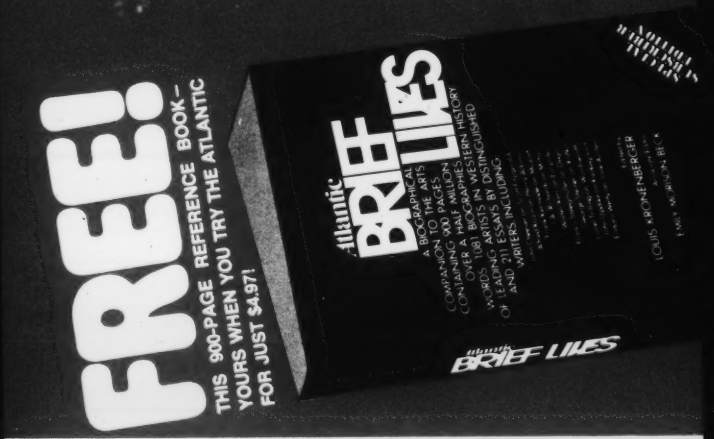
☐ Remittance enclosed
☐ American Express
☐ Bill me later
☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard

Interbank No. ☐☐☐☐
4-digit no. above name on card
Charge card no.
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Credit Card Signature_____

Expiration date_____

A5C023 New Times



First Class
Permit No. 829
Greenwich, Conn.

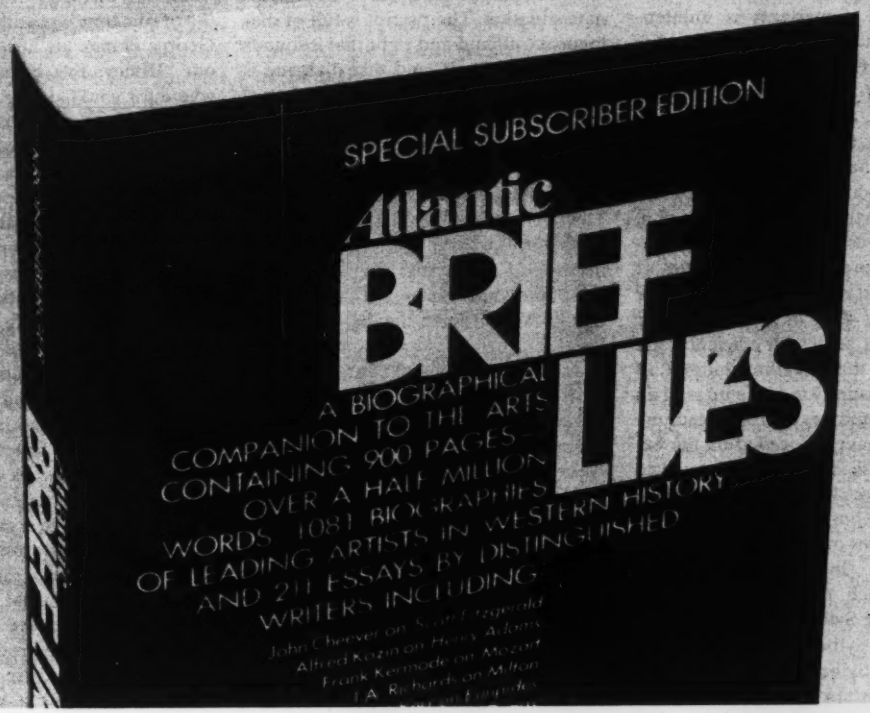
Business Reply Mail
No Postage Stamp Necessary if Mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

Atlantic
Subscription Department
Box 1857
Greenwich, Conn. 06830

FREE!

Take this unique reference book when you subscribe to The Atlantic for just $4.97.



It's yours free. Atlantic Brief Lives. Our indispensable 900-page companion to the arts. With 1081 fascinating biographies of great artists from Euripides to Hemingway. Plus 211 added essays on especially outstanding figures:

John Updike on Kierkegaard. George Steiner on Kafka. Alfred Kazin on Henry Adams. John Cheever on Scott Fitzgerald. Frank Kermode on Mozart.

Besides Brief Lives, you get 8 months of The Atlantic for just $4.97 (newsstand price, $8). Eight months of the famous magazine of the arts that's also become a famous magazine of public affairs.

The Atlantic won three National Magazine Awards in a row. It publishes Frances FitzGerald, Lillian Hellman, Daniel P. Moynihan, David Halberstam, Jessica Mitford, Robert Coles, John Kenneth Galbraith and many other important writers on important themes. It gives you new *perspective* on the world.

Send for your free Brief Lives. Start your Atlantic subscription now. Use the coupon to the right. Enclose payment or use your favorite charge card now and we'll send you Brief Lives right away. Or we'll bill you later and mail Brief Lives the day we receive payment. Offer is limited; hurry, please.

To: The Atlantic, Subscription Dept.
Box 1857, Greenwich, Conn. 06830

Please send me Brief Lives and 8 months of The Atlantic for $4.97.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Remittance enclosed ☐ Bill me later
☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard

Interbank No.
4-digit no. above your name on card ☐☐☐☐
Charge Card No.

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Credit Card Signature _____

Expiration Date _____

A5C023

THE Atlantic MONTHLY

these people be certain of who or where they are.

The kind of comedy that *Shampoo* pushes at its audience is difficult to embrace; there's nothing to cling to. You feel dead when you come out of the movie, for unlike nihilistic '60s comedies, this film doesn't allow the audience that exhilaration that is a paradoxical by-product of self-destructiveness—that crazy giddiness you feel when you realize that everything is hopeless but, what the hell, it will all blow up tomorrow anyway. *Shampoo* says that the world is crap and that you had better learn to live with it, if you care to survive. That's hard enough to take, but, unfortunately, some of *Shampoo*'s slipperiness is unintentional—a function of how the movie is made rather than its content. Ashby (*Harold and Maude, The Last Detail*) is, without doubt, a breathtakingly competent filmmaker, but he isn't yet one of the big boys; he hasn't found a cinematic vision that might buttress and reflect the fresh materials that *Shampoo* hands him. The film moves well, but conventionally—its structure is built on a series of paired, intercut scenes—and, except for one marvelous flash of stylization near the end, Ashby settles for efficiency and clarity rather than availing himself of this rare opportunity to come up with an innovative comic beat for his medium. He seems to have proceeded on the belief that sheer slickness is the best way to present slick people; he doesn't get in the way of the film but he doesn't do much to knock your eyes out, either. The picture does have a "look"—only that look comes as much from production designer Richard Sylbert and costume designer Anthea Sylbert as it does from the director. The Sylberts (they're in-laws), whose work is also an integral part of *Carnal Knowledge* and *Chinatown*, have decked *Shampoo* out with Princess phones, Bel Air-French Provincial furniture, pristine swimming pools as well as the compulsively neat, trendy hairdos, flimsy miniskirts and body shirts that were the vulgar apotheosis of America's fling with Carnaby Street fashion. Every detail of their work is devastating, but top-notch set and costume design can never be a substitute for the vitality of the camera. One often wonders what Richard Lester, whose fractionalized, San Francisco-based *Petulia* was the definitive love-death-and-Vietnam film of the '60s, or Robert Altman, whose 1973 *The Long Goodbye* shares some of *Shampoo*'s sense of L.A.-as-future-schlock, might have done with this project. (Ashby tries his hand at Altman's overlapping soundtracks—when his protagonists fuss about their sex lives in the foreground, news of Wall Street, Vietnam and the election filters in from radios and TVs in the background—but the effect is clumsily executed and sometimes fails by calling attention to itself.) It is to Ashby's credit, however, that, though not in secure command of his art, he is well in touch with his craft; what he's guilty of here is not hack work, just obsequiousness.

Such obsequiousness is, of course, a screenwriter's dream, and *Shampoo*'s co-scenarists, Beatty and Robert Towne (*Chinatown, The Last Detail*), have made the most of their fortunate situation. Their script is full of dialogue so offhand and right that it sounds like it wrote itself, and that dialogue is hung on a smashing narrative framework whose density of design is well beyond the ambitions and capabilities of most Hollywood films. In George, their hairdresser-protagonist, Beatty and Towne have found a character that they were born to write and that Beatty, needless to say, was born to play. George is a hunter and collector of "heads" (his word)—female heads that he works on in his shop, then works on some more in bed; he is, literally and figuratively, one of the all-time great head-fuckers. "I never know when you're working and when you're not working," says one of George's "clients"—and neither does he. "I've been cutting too much hair lately," he says. "I'm losing all my concepts." On the day we meet him, the juggling act by which he keeps his heads in precarious place is going haywire, and the only wonder is that it hasn't happened earlier (maybe it has, with another constellation of women). George is the illicit lover of the wife (Lee Grant), the mistress (Julie Christie) and the daughter (Carrie Fisher) of the same blissfully unaware tycoon, a guy named Lester (Jack Warden) whose business involves "handling money for a lot of touchy people, politics and so forth"; simultaneously he carries on a supposedly steady relationship with a painfully naive, not-too-bright actress (Goldie Hawn) whom he is promising to "retire with." While George constantly races from woman to woman on his motorcycle (his blow dryer tucked into his belt), the threads of his life are frizzing up—finally to snarl out of control when he, Lester and all of his women turn up at the election night party with which the movie reaches its dizzy climax.

Shampoo is Warren Beatty's baby (he's also the film's producer), and his George is *Shampoo*'s pulse: a man who runs around without getting anywhere, a budding entrepreneur whose only dream is to have his own shop and whose only fear is age, an almost guileless liar who thinks nothing of simulating tears if it will help him cover up an indiscretion or expedite a selfish strategy. He's the master of the unfinished sentence, a genius at making inarticulation sound like articulation. When a woman accusingly asks him where he's been for several hours, he replies, "Fan-tas-tic!" effectively closing off discussion; if he leaves one woman in bed to go visit another, he explains that the woman he's off to see is "not a girl, just a friend of mine." Even when one of his lovers catches him on top of someone else with his pants down, George cranes his head back and yells out, "Honey, I've been looking everywhere for you!"—in the apparently honest hope that such a disclaimer will explain away his infidelity. Beatty luxuriates in the part, as well he should; this hairdresser is the funniest role he's ever had, and, since he thought up all the character's tricks, he doesn't miss a single one of them. If, as gossip has it, George has more than a superficial resemblance to the man who plays him, Beatty deserves credit for plastering so unattractive a portrait of himself across the screen. Indeed he may have exposed more of himself than he had intended: the same halting, festering mannerisms that Beatty has always used to suggest a deep and smoldering inner intensity are called on here to establish George's sliminess—this hairdresser's ability to be what anyone wants him to be and to seem to be saying what anyone wants to hear. When we see how George's women, blinded to his dishonesty by his dynamic sexuality, are fooled by these antics, we wonder if we haven't read more into Beatty's previous screen performances than was actually there—if we haven't been occasionally duped by the same charismatic con job *Shampoo*'s female characters succumb to.

Though George is a classic sexist, it would be a mistake to look at *Shampoo* as a movie that is fundamentally about sexual politics. "I don't fuck anybody for money," says George in one of his few honest moments. "I do it for fun." That doesn't make his behavior defensible, but it does give him a leg up on most, if not all, of the picture's women. *Shampoo*'s view of women is not what you might call charitable, and that neutralizes some of the political issues. They *do* fuck for money, which is why Lester is able to keep his wife and mistress and why George's actress-filly, Jill, spends

election night with a sour TV commercial director (Tony Bill) who's casting her in a cigarette ad. While each of these women would prefer something more out of life, more is defined as having a fling with their hairdresser—a proverbial leap from the frying pan into the fire. George spends his days on his feet listening to women, and he's tuned into the ambivalence of his clients' predicament: "All they talk about is how some guy fucked them over. We want to nail them and they know it. They like it—and they don't like it." That someone like George can be the beneficiary and exploiter of that confusion is a fact of life that is not easily explained away. *Shampoo*'s rather pointlessly hedged resolution of its central characters implies that disaster forces both George and his women to see the light and be more honest with themselves and each other—but we don't doubt for a second that, after a brief hiatus, this cycle of emotional waste will regenerate itself. Soon enough these people will be up-and-at-'em, grabbing and pushing once more.

Sex is only *Shampoo*'s metaphor. All of its protagonists, regardless of gender, are things, with dim, self-centered reflexes where their hearts used to be. The film's performances, which are splendid and therefore clammy, reflect that. As Lester's kept woman, Christie presents us with a plastic mask of a face that moves out of place only when she's drunk or provoked. Hawn plays the actress as a dippy little child-woman who speaks in a callow, cutesy voice and has eyes as big and blank as those of a Keane painting. Grant lacks a hint of spontaneity, even when she's angry at Lester; when she has sex with George, she doesn't bother to take off all her clothes. In the role of the film's prime cuckold, Warden walks around with his mouth half open; Lester isn't even able to put two and two together when he catches George in the bathroom with his mistress (he assumes George is gay),and he's far from clear on why he's raising money for Nixon ("We're trying to make this country great," he tells his wife. "What's the difference? They're all a bunch of jerks," he tells George after Nixon has won). None of the characters vote, but Lester is the only one who bothers to talk about politics during the entire movie. His entire knowledge of the subject is expressed by his blind hope that a change in presidents might aid an ailing stock market and his avid fear of the unknown. He calls George "anti-establishment" when he discovers what the hairdresser has been doing behind his back—as if George's philandering were different from his own simply because George is younger and has more hair. Lester even hires thugs to teach the young man a lesson—then changes his mind and considers financing George's new salon. "I don't know what's right or wrong anymore," Lester explains, Warden's voice heaving in resignation. "At least you have fun."

It is Lester who gets everybody to the Bistro, a swank Beverly Hills restaurant where his fat-cat associates are gathering for an election-night party—and who thus unwittingly ignites the pandemonium of revelation and recrimination that finally engulfs the movie's characters. That party—with its Nixon posters, overabundance of color TVs, background talk of offshore drilling leases and dreary patriotic speeches—is a depressing enough context for the undoing of George's sexual shell game, but it's no match for the party to which the characters retreat after being driven out of the Bistro by a bomb scare. The second party is a psychedelic affair in an enormous private home, replete with dope, nude swimming, blacks, tripped-out freaks and the transcendant blare of *Sgt. Pepper*'s (at the Bistro, there's a kitsch Muzak version of "Yesterday"); for all its countercultural trappings, this orgiastic gathering is just another side of the same tinny coin as its black-tie predecessor. After a few initial shocks, Lester feels perfectly comfortable there, and why shouldn't he? There's valet parking at the door and the familiar stink of money within. When, in his finest directional hour, Ashby has George run back and forth through the packed house trying to round up his fleeing women, the flashing strobe lights, throbbing music and throngs of comatose bodies through which Beatty dashes assume the brutal tenor of a wasted combat zone. These revelers have already tendered their surrender, which is why there's no TV in sight for watching the returns—they're the wreckage of a generation, ready and willing to be plundered by the Lesters and the Nixons who are waiting in the wings. A little earlier, at the Bistro, we've heard a televised David Brinkley say, "I don't think we're going to get a winner tonight"—and that's no joke. If *Shampoo* is a terribly bright and laceratingly witty recollection of where we were on that winnerless night, it's also a terribly jolting reminder of where we've been stuck ever since.

Warren Beatty: funniest ever.

Bryan Forbes' **The Stepford Wives** is the first sci-fi, women's lib horror film—or at least I think that's what it aspires to be. William Goldman's screenplay, from Ira Levin's novel, suggests that the upper-crust members of a Fairfield County, Connecticut, men's club would conspire to make their wives over into *Westworld*-esque, lifelike robots programmed to serve as meticulous homebodies, submissive lovers and empty-headed doxies. The premise is ridiculous. The women the men wish to redesign are far-from-liberated suburban matrons in the first place, and, besides, what man, however sexist, would choose a manikin, however mechanically sophisticated, over the flesh-and-blood beauties who comprise the female cast of this film?

Actually, *The Stepford Wives* is a classic example of how Hollywood tries to exploit a "topical" issue without ever bothering to find out its substance. Goldman's knowledge of the women's movement seems to come exclusively from jokes he's heard on the Johnny Carson show, circa 1972; his script actually has a reference to a "Maidenform bonfire" and earnestly argues that there are sophisticated, intelligent men about who view a wife's failure to clean up a living room as a threat so serious that the only conceivable response can be murder. If Goldman really believes that his script in any way touches on current feminist debate, he's an idiot; if he knows better and is just trying to falsify important political issues to rip off the yokels, he must have a hard time looking in the mirror each morning. Maybe Goldman has convinced himself that he's taking a courageous, anti-sexist stand in this movie—but with friends like him, the women's movement certainly doesn't need any enemies.

What saves *The Stepford Wives* from being incendiary garbage, as opposed to just plain garbage, is that it's too slow-witted a suspense story to make an audience care about it. Most of the plot mechanisms are lifted right out of Levin's own *Rosemary's Baby*, thereby assuring that we always know what's coming a good half-hour before any of the characters do. Here again we have a heroine (Katharine Ross) who starts to notice that her husband spends a bit too much time with some overly friendly neighbors; the baroque men's clubhouse where the film's evil lurks looks like a miniature version of the Dakota, the Upper West Side apartment house where *Rosemary's Baby* was shot. Forbes (*King Rat, The Wrong Box*) has directed the picture in a deliberate, stately style that goes hand-in-hand with the screenwriter's condescending view of the audience; the cast—which also includes Paula Prentiss (sounding like Elaine Stritch on a bad day) and Patrick O'Neal (the menfolk's technological mastermind, who learned his trade at, gulp, Disneyland)—performs with so little vitality that you may find that you can't tell the robots from the humans without a score card.

Report to the Commissioner, the new film adapted from James Mills' novel, is such a sorry piece of crap that, had I not a job to do, I wouldn't have stayed past the first 20 minutes. It's one of those movies that makes you feel that the plot is taking place off-screen while you sit there like a jerk watching the out-takes. The screenplay, by Abby Mann and Ernest Tidyman, is in the *Serpico* genre, but one is hard pressed to care who lives or dies even if you can figure out who is who. ("Nothing is ever what it looks like," an old-hand cop tells the rookie-cop-hero—and you had better believe it.) The film's two most aggressive stabs at tension—a scene where a legless cripple chases after a taxi on his cart, an endless confrontation between the hero and a black militant called "The Stick" (get it?) in a Saks Fifth Avenue elevator—both seem easily avoidable by the protagonists involved, and that quickly evaporates even the film's most visceral kicks. The director, Milton Katselas (*Butterflies Are Free*), is the worst to come down the pike in ages: most set details are off the mark, many scenes look like the actors were frozen in place until a second after the camera started rolling, some shots are improperly framed. There's a pathetic attempt to capture the book's documentary style by having voice-over narrators giving us the facts and calling out dates (always in numbers) and all that old stuff, but Katselas doesn't have the talent to sustain the device for the length of a *Dragnet* episode, not to mention a full-length movie. For what it's worth, *Report to the Commissioner* has more footage of people sweating than has been seen in an American film since *Cool Hand Luke*; most of the sweat drips off of star Michael Moriarty, who gives a weepy, nervous, eye-popping stage performance that may keep him out of the movies for a good long time.

MUSIC

Dylan: "Like a corkscrew to the heart"

By Janet Maslin

The centerpiece of weak, dewy-eyed *Planet Waves* was "Forever Young," Bob Dylan's twice-performed benediction wishing his listeners impossible victories over age and deterioration. But now, a year later, the battle would appear to be lost: the Dylan of *Blood On The Tracks* has perforce acknowledged maturity in order to write, with enormous urgency and compassion, about the confusion it brings and the compromises it compels. And this new resignation has paradoxically purged Dylan of his weariness. His latest work is imbued with the very vitality that eluded him during his short-lived musical quest for the Fountain of Youth.

Blood On the Tracks is as romantic an album as its predecessor, or at least its concern with heterosexual love is just as obsessive. But the June-moon rhymester who last time offered his paramour glib, lofty promises that he loved her "more than blood" now displays a certain defensive sang-froid. This time love is one long series of concessions, with Fate (on which personal failing are often palmed off) as its arbiter and pain the prime dividend. On the album's slightest and most bewildering cut, the singer tempers each rapturous description of his lover with the title refrain, "You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go." Dylan's tone is unremittingly flip as he tells her that though she's certain to leave him, his strongest response will be "to give [himself] a good talking to." As in this one song, the whole album plays off the tension between romantic fatalism, attempts at self-protection and the faintest rays of hope. Only this time the singer's goals have several notches. Perfect harmony is no longer even to be hoped for; a flawed love conducive to survival is the more immediate—and in many ways more difficult—ideal.

Dylan's subject is hardly new, but it is revitalized by the adult anguish and vehemence of his approach. Casting off layers of rock, country and Tin Pan Alley artifice, the music now echoes his early starkness, although there is a consistently soothing quality to the arrangements this time. His vocals are as stirring as they used to be, his melodies (particularly "Tangled Up In Blue" and "Idiot Wind") powered by inspired, cyclic momentum. Though half the cuts were re-recorded with new personnel, they all have the freshness of first takes. And Dylan is often close to breathlessness as he wails, sustaining a fever pitch rather than ever suggesting strain. For the change in Dylan's performing style alone, *Blood On The Tracks* is a radiant effort.

His writing style is altered, too, having become slightly more abstract and, again paradoxically, more concrete; *Planet Waves* was almost too literal to have any meaning. Dylan's long narrative songs, the ones based on his wildest dreams, always had a pictorial component, but this time his visual sense is so rich and deliberate that it's almost cinematic. Collections of seemingly disjointed scenes comprise the album's most vivid love songs, their verbal images often linked by visual dimensions: in "Tangled Up In Blue,"

the woman featured in the singer's fragmented recollections is set against smaller and smaller spaces—an open landscape, a nightclub, a kitchen—until, finally cornered, she disappears from view. Like other leading ladies throughout the album (several of whom have red hair, and all of whom sound like the same person), she wanders through a series of dreamlike paces with the singer. They meet, talk, find and lose each other, and always the effect is the same: that of a mysterious, intangible, sleepwalking near-miss. Whatever they do, however linear and continuous their adventures, however close they seem, they never really touch.

The one thing that unites them is their treachery. For all his passivity, the singer is still a fighter; if he thinks the woman is destined to abandon him, he retaliates by feigning the blitheness to let her go. In the otherwise maudlin "If You See Her, Say Hello," an ostensibly heartbroken suitor offers the equivalent of a shrug: "Tell her she can look me up, if she's got the time." The women of the album are, for their part, everything from unfaithful to elusive to murderous. In "Lily, Rosemary and the Jack of Hearts," an eight-minute epic that has the distinct feel of a movie (scene changes and all), Rosemary is "tired of the attention, tired of playing the role of Big Jim's wife." So she stabs him in the back with that doubly lethal weapon, the penknife.

"Idiot Wind" sounds at first like a trenchant Dylan indictment of the old school, but it too is tempered by a wider, more complex world view. If the singer is railing against anything distinct, it is not malevolence but stupidity, his own as much as anyone else's. And if he does rail, the attack seems to grow out of frustration and regret, rather than blind fury; Dylan's vocal here, the best on the album, is ragged with disappointment and sorrow. As his vision grows wider, it is less polarizing, less detached; as his subject narrows to romantic fear and failure, he cannot help sounding more intimate and more pained. "Meet Me In The Morning," an otherwise slurry blues number, ends on a sharp, ominous note: the sun is sinking, "just like my heart when I kiss your lips." And in "You're A Big Girl Now," the album's clearest song of reluctant compromise, the singer attempts to accept his woman's independence and/or detachment, but he doesn't altogether succeed. It feels, he says, "like a corkscrew to the heart."

The unequivocally positive moment, and there is one, comes at the album's closing. "Buckets of Rain" has a spare, almost nursery rhyme melody and sounds more like Dylan's early days than anything here, which makes the bluntness of its conclusion quite fitting. The man offers the woman a simple but unabashed commitment, promising to be the one friend who won't come and go; he also makes a blunt, touching dedication of sorts: "You do what you must do/And you do it well/I do it for you/Honey baby, can't you tell?" The song's attempts at romantic self-assertion are small, perhaps ordinary. But they take on enormous stature as even the slightest antidote to the album's pervasive pessimism.

The man behind *Blood On the Tracks* is the best new Dylan since the old Dylan—and he could be just as good. Who knows that he isn't better? It hardly matters, because there'll never be a point of comparison thanks to the light-years that separate their respective choices of subject matter. Dylan seemed to have a wider scope in his early days, perhaps because his audience matched his own capacity to conceptualize on the grand scale at the expense of the small one. Now he writes personally about himself without the touches of myopia, and if his style has lost some of its fury, then it also admits a denser, more revealing point of view. The leap in honesty and texture from *Planet Waves* to the present is remarkable; Dylan is abruptly more lucid and direct than he has been since the best of *Nashville Skyline* and *John Wesley Harding*, yet still complex enough to maintain his early Rorschach air.

He doesn't much look like Robert Frost anymore, and he's almost certainly stopped feeling like Jesse James. But the comtemplative intensity of this new persona does suit him, at least for the duration of this new incarnation. Maybe Bob Dylan really *is* the Ingmar Bergman of rock and roll.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WARRING ABBOTT

The best new Dylan since the old Dylan.

****** To Be True,** *Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes* (Philadelphia International). Strongly masculine voices, reasonably varied material and the sublimely slick production of Gamble and Huff make Melvin and the Notes (featuring Theodore Pendergrass) prime exemplars of sophisticated urban soul. Melodies are sometimes understated, and the feeling is emotive rather than urgent, but this still ranks with their best.

**** Greatest Hits,** *Tanya Tucker* (Columbia). Country's hottest nymphet sings "Delta Dawn" better than Bette, much better than Helen Reddy. Huskily demure, Tanya wrings tears with "What's Your Mama's Name," warms Yankee hearts with "I Believe the South is Gonna Rise Again."

**** A Live Album,** *Holly Near* (Redwood). Relatively obscure folk singer on an extremely obscure California label has a clear, lovely voice that sounds better *a cappella* than hampered by some of the dull, spare arrangements here. Movement music deja vu, as Near's repertoire touches on Kent State, job layoffs and (a surprisingly light touch here) feminism. Uneven, but there are some sweetly nostalgic moments.

BOOKS

A desert retreat, an advance

By Geoffrey Wolff

A Month of Sundays *by John Updike.* Knopf (228 pp., $6.95).

The Reverend Tom Marshfield finds himself at the middle of his life with a good wife, two sons, troubled dreams, a skeptical curiosity regarding Creation's design and a timeworn means of redressing his restlessness. First he seduces the organist and then, seriatim, several troubled ladies from his flock. He is unmasked, and rather than suffer defrocking, he consents to be transported to a desert sanitarium wherein is managed the rehabilitation of fallen ministers of the faith. The instrument of Marshfield's nominal recovery from terminal doubt and despair is his agitated meditation, this selfsame *Month of Sundays*, written each morning before he goes to golf.

The retreat is a true desert place, surrounded by waste country, near no town. It is run in accordance with the principles of hospitality of a Holiday Inn, which it resembles. The clientele—disgraced ministers all—are discouraged from discussing *The Bible* or theology. Detective stories and poker are encouraged. Letters in and out are forbidden. There is no therapy other than the self-revelation of a document that may or may not be read by the manager of the retreat, Ms. Prynne, just as the world's cosmic manager may or may not read our lives, may or may not exist.

Marshfield's style is florid, and at first silly, arch, bristling with labored ironies, precious, heavy-handed, punny. It is the kind of style that displays self-satisfaction in the discovery of an audible kinship between the word *industrious* and the words *in dust try us.* (Long ago John Updike himself was from time to time a sucker for junk of this sort. No more. Since *Bech: A Book*, and supremely in *Rabbit Redux*, Updike has trimmed his prose utterly of rhetorical furbelows, and now it works thirteen to the dozen, with stylish efficiency.) But as its author gathers confidence in his narrative—if not in its higher significance—the style takes shape as in a miracle of resurrection. Marshfield's private, formal locutions, distinct from his reflexive sermonizing, are his metaphorical passage out of his metaphorical desert.

He began to lose his faith before his retreat for the usual reasons. He could not at 40 forgive God "the pain of infants, the inexorability of disease, the wantonness of fortune, the billions of fossilized deaths, the helplessness of the young, the idiocy of the old, the craftsmanship of torturers, the authority of blunderers, the savagery of accident, the unbreathability of water, and all the other repulsive flecks on the face of Creation." When he returns East from his desert time in the West he believes only that God exists, and owes no explanations. Marshfield is not at peace with Him, and does not love Him. But he no longer feels, in that sentiment of Pascal which has been at the center both of this book and *Rabbit Redux*, terror in the contemplation of a silent cosmos.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL KREMENTZ

Updike: a virile and sensuous fancy.

"Fact is, even were the sky a neonated 3-D billboard flashing GOD EXISTS twenty-four hours a day we would contrive ways to doubt it." Marshfield is tough enough to endure doubt without celebrating it. From a weakness for puns he has progressed by month's end to inspired typographical errors, such "auspicious misfingerings" as the word *aven* for *even*: "A longing for haven. A half-hope of heaven."

He indulges neither in self-pity nor conventional charity. Though he feels from time to time a temptation to minister to those even more confused than himself by the riddles of existence, the temptation has almost the quality of his philandering: it is expressed sardonically, with no hope of fulfillment. His strength is his independence, a revolutionary refusal to apologize or retreat, a fanatical hatred of anything dilute or simple. His theological preference is for the style of Karl Barth, whose ruthless insistence upon "the wholly otherness of God" makes no compromise with rationalists or triumph-of-the-willers. Marshfield's God, if not Barth's, may be cruel, and may be jokey, but He owes no debt to His creations.

Neither does Marshfield feel in any manner obliged. He has made hard use of his organist: "Well, she was thick-waisted and tough and could tote it. Babies and guilt, women are built for lugging." He cannot endure the company of his wife because she is too good to be true. He hates her goodness "as darkness hates the light." He is caught in the "perfect prison" of her goodness. Her goodness is like God's: inexplicable, an affront, impossible to duplicate. So he curses her, as he has cursed God. And then returns to her.

There is no end, happy or sad, to this parable. The hard lesson of Marshfield's story, like the hard lesson he perceives in Christ's miracles, is "demonstration" rather than "alleviation." His final act is the seduction of Ms. Prynne, his only reader, and by extension, of course, his seduction of us, who have read him to his end. Like John Updike's virile and sensuous fancy, it is an exacting seduction, artful, muscular and comical. For the miracle of this book, past demonstration or alleviation, is its translation of metaphysics and Godly paradox into laughter.

NEW TIMES CLASSIFIED

NEW TIMES Classified is a service published in every issue of NEW TIMES. Rates are 85¢ per word with a 10 word minimum; 75¢ per word for 6 or more insertions; 65¢ per word for over 12 insertions. Box numbers, and phone numbers count as 2 words; abbreviations and zip codes count as one word. Area codes must accompany phone numbers. Money order or check must accompany copy and be received prior to closing date (25 days before issue date). Make all checks payable to New Times Communications Corporation. Send to NEW TIMES MAGAZINE, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016

Business Opportunities

$ADDRESSERS WANTED Details, 25¢ Brian Sullivan, 292 G Cambridge Road, Shingle Springs, California, 95682.

Education

NONRESIDENT DEGREES! Honorary degrees. Worldwide faculty. Catalog: $3.00. UNITED STATES UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA. Box 4552-NT, Washington, D.C. 20017.

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE. Language, fine arts, performing arts. For information: Paris American Academy, 9 Rue des Ursulines, Paris 5.

Employment

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now Hiring, 103 Countries, All Occupations, High Pay, Free Transportation, Tax Benefits. Latest Computerized reports — $2.00, TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-NT, Los Angeles, California 90803.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANTS YOU !!! 50,000 jobs! Paid Transportation! Latest information and forms. $1.00, Austco: Box 3623-NT, Long Beach, California 90803.

Instruction

INSTRUCTION IN THE NAUTICAL ART OF ROPE MAKING. Pots, plants and planters available. EAST RIVER TRADING COMPANY., 5 Fulton St., N.Y., N.Y. 10038, (212) 962-9230.

Literary Service

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors in a complete reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept.NT, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011.

DISSERTATIONS, THESES WRITING, EDITING, TYPING, all subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team. RC RESEARCH, Box 138N, Dayton, Washington 99328.

COPYRIGHT and related laws explained by former Judge listed Marquis WWA. Increase income, prestige. Details free. Send name to: Institute, Box 341-T, Piggott, Ark. 72454.

BOOKS PRINTED from manuscript, Biography Press, Rte. 1 - 745 Aransas Pass, TX 78336.

RESEARCH WRITING OF ANY KIND, Dissertations, Theses, etc. All revisions. Thousands of Research Projects on File. Send $2.00 for our mail order catalogue. Collegiate Research Systems, Suite 305, 1800 E. Ferry Bldg., Camden, N.J. 08104, (609) 962-6777 10AM-5PM.

Publications

Copies of the INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S ISSUE OF **MUNDUS ARTIUM** are available at $3.50 from: **MUNDUS ARTIUM,** Ellis Hall, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio 45701.

INTEGRITY: GAY EPISCOPAL FORUM. $5/Yr. Dr. Louie Crew, 701 Orange Street, Ft. Valley, GA 31030.

Merchandise

HAWAIIAN "PUKASHELL" NECKLACES. Save Money! Direct from the manufacturer. Top Quality $35.00, Average $25.00, Poor $15.00. State Shell Size (small, medium, large) and finished length (13" - 17" — extra for longer). Products carry money back guarantee. For Information Only, send $2.00 (stamps or check) - fully refundable with purchase, or telephone **HAWAIIAN SKILL PRODUCTS,** 87-206 Saint John's Road, D-PN, Waianae, Hawaii 96792 (808) 696-7875.

VALUABLE COLLECTORS ITEM: Official Nixon-Agnew campaign buttons (1968 & 1972) available in limited quantity. 3½" round, with photo. Notarized certificate of authenticity included. Act now! 1972: $4, 1968: $5. Jeffers Ltd., 97 Bound Brook, Newton, Mass. 02161.

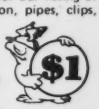
EARTH: LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT! Bumperstickers $1.00 each, Walt Smith, POB 430935, South Miami, Florida 33143.

BE A SCOUT! When buying your next stereo - be prepared! Stereo buyers handbook $1.25. Consumer Aides, Dept. A, P.O. Box P-433, Clifton, New Jersey, 17105.

WANTED: LETTERS, SIGNATURES, DOCUMENTS of well-known legal, medical, literary and political figures. Write: 42 W. 13th Street - 6F, New York, New York 10011.

MOVIE POSTERS, STILLS and TV SCRIPTS. 50¢ for large catalog. Flicks, Inc., Dept. NT, Sublette, Kansas 67877.

get our latest 48 page
GIANT MAIL ORDER CATALOG
Send us $1, refundable with first order, for our listing of underground comix, papers by the carton, pipes, clips, T-shirts and many hard-to-find books.
Send $1 Now to:
KRUPP CATALOG
BOX 5699 - D
MILWAUKEE, WI 53211



P.S. Our small Catalog is still FREE!

Real Estate

CENTRAL ONTARIO—CHOICE 640 ACRE SPORTSMEN'S PARADISE still available—$20.00 plus $6.50 taxes yearly. Maps, pictures $2.00 (refundable). Information Bureau, Norval 86, Ontario, Canada.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 ACRE! Vacationing, Farming, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U.S. Send $2.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 6588-GT, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Services

FREE SIX MONTH TRIAL TO GIRLS, dating successful, responsible attractive men! Matched to YOUR unique lifestyle from your town, America - Courtships Players Swingers. Call Nationwide FREE (collect) (212) 359-6273.

MAKE FRIENDS WORLDWIDE through international correspondence. Illustrated brochure free. Hermes, Box 110660/NT, Berlin 11, Germany.

DATES GALORE! Meet exciting singles-anywhere. Free application: DATELINE, Alpha, Ohio.

COUNSELING & HOMOSEXUALITY: MENTAL HEALTH CONFERENCES IN MIAMI, ATLANTA, NASHVILLE, DALLAS, KANSAS CITY, DETROIT, CINCINNATI, HARTFORD, SYRACUSE, PHILA., SALT LAKE, L.A., D.C., CHICAGO. FEB.-MAY, INFO: HCCC, 45 E. 74, NYC 10021.

CALL YOUR ASTROLOGER toll free. 800-227-4710. Your natal chart interpreted by astrologers who answer your questions on the phone. Basic fee $9.95. Astro-Phone. P.O. Box 804, S.F., California 94101.

Self Improvement

RELAXED SLEEP and personal growth facilitated by cassette. Free brochure. RLNT 30 S. El Camino, San Mateo, California 94401.

Personal

HETERO, BI, GAY, SINGLES, COUPLES, THREESOMES. ALL LIFE-STYLES. NATIONWIDE. Date your 'local' area—from 1 hour of your call. Thousands successfully matched. Call (deductible): *TRUSTWORTHY* (212) 461-2421 anytime. (No charge to women who date men or couples.)

SUCCESSFUL, HIGHLY RECOMMENDED little mag for sale. 1,000 circulation. Not literary. Serious inquiries only. (614) 397-7505.

HAVING A FUN PARTY? Add to the fun, with a NU-Ray Gifts joke pack. 21 sealed envelopes, a laugh in each. $1.00 ppd. NU-Ray Gifts, Inc., Box 393 State Road, RD6, Binghamton, N.Y. 13904.

JAPANESE FRIENDS! Girls' photos, literature, details, $1.00. Inter-Pacific, Box 304-NT, Birmingham, Michigan 48012.

BOOKKEEPING SERVICES for individuals and/or small businesses. By the day or hour. Call (212) 628-6520 after 5PM.

CAT & PLANT CARE. I will come to your home and feed and love your cats and water and love your plants when you can't. Call 9:30-5:30 weekdays (212) 421-7180, ext. 854.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL, intellectual woman, 27, tender, perceptive, seeks male counterpart, 30's, for honest relating. NYC Box 446 NT.

FEMALE, EARLY 30's, keen intellect, sensitive, spontaneous, good sense of humor, frivolous, looking for mate to share rewarding relationship. NYC. Box 934 NT.

INTERESTING, VERY ATTRACTIVE MS. wants to talk, love, laugh, relate. I'm sincere, honest, fun. Are you? L.A. Write Box 810 NT.

The Berets: facing the desert

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Mark Goodman

Fighting soldiers from the sky,
Fearless men who jump and die,
Men who mean just what they say,
The brave men of the Green Beret.
Ballad of the Green Berets-
Barry Sadler

They were the redoubtable pride of a romantic nation: super-soldiers, super-patriots, modern lone-wolf gunslingers wearing kelly green berets instead of white hats and wielding mud-blackened knives instead of Colt .44s. Founded in 1952, they wore their jaunty headgear surreptitiously until 1962, when John Kennedy sanctified them. "Wear your beret proudly," he told the Army's elite Special Forces. "It will be a mark of distinction and a badge of courage in the fight for freedom."

Fight they would, for the Kennedy team was anxious to find a more, well, direct way to face down Nikita Khrushchev than merely denying him Cuban missile sites. But a nuclear shootout was an admittedly risky venture; the world had to be made safe for warfare. Enter the heady new concept, "counter-insurgency," and its exotic emblem, the green beret. The John F. Kennedy Special Warfare Center was established at Ft. Bragg, where, amid a tangle of Carolina vines, the perfect soldier would be forged to fight the Indochina Gook at his own game. Nobody paid any attention to poor-mouthers like the French journalist who, upon completing a tour of the center, observed that this was all very fine, but that his countrymen had done the exact same thing 10 years before to little visible avail.

So Green Berets were turned out of Fort Bragg by the jumping, garroting, chivying thousands. In teams of 10 and 12, elaborately trained in demolitions, communications, intelligence, battlefield medicine and ordnance, the Berets set up more than 50 outposts along the rugged borders of Laos and Cambodia. There they schooled Montagnards, Cambodians and Nungs (a Vietnamese tribe of Chinese descent) to fight the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese. In such schools the teachers inevitably wind up fighting alongside the pupils, and Green Berets were fighting and dying a good three years before the Gulf of Tonkin.

Americans, sad that nuclear technology had stripped them of heroic one-man bloodletting gangs like Jack Patton and Audie Murphy, clasped the Berets to their flag-draped chests. You see, they weren't just ideal soldiers; they were ideal *Americans*, too. Clear of eye, lantern of jaw, daring and resourceful camouflaged prowlers of the jungle, the Green Berets were out there on the frontier teaching the Red Menace (or, more honestly, Yellow Peril) that you couldn't kick Uncle Sam around. No sir. We loved them, all right, and we lionized them in song and on celluloid. Barry Sadler's stirring ballad zoomed to the top of the charts, antidote to the pinko Baez and the peacenik Dylan. Naturally, a movie had to be made, and who else could make it but that all-time all-American, John Wayne?

If *The Green Berets* was not exactly the worst war movie ever made (see Frank Sinatra in *Kings Go Forth*), it certainly became the most embarrassing. Because the glamour began to wear off when the silent, black-pajamaed enemy did not cut and run, and the bombs began to fall, and hideous tales of electronic interrogation began to crawl back from the scorched jungles. The Regular Army was never too keen on the elitist Berets to begin with, and the 1969 Rheault scandal just about finished them in Vietnam. Colonel Rheault and his team murdered a suspected Vietnamese double agent on orders from the C.I.A., and although the Army dropped charges, Rheault was forced to resign. By 1971 nearly all of the Berets had been brought home, with the size and prestige of the force drastically reduced. Nowadays their main assignments are medical and social service chores in the impoverished North Carolina mountains. That's no job for a rompin', stompin', gator-rasslin', bear-baitin', red, white and blue Green Beret, but what's a knife-edged American fighting man to do? What's he to do?

It was recently reported—on Page 1 of the Sunday New York *Times*, for example, that a team of several hundred ex-Green Berets, along with other Vietnam vets, are being recruited by the Vinelli Corporation of Los Angeles to teach Saudi Arabian National Guardsmen how to defend their oil fields. The program is backed by the U.S. Defense Department. Said a former Beret officer: "We are not mercenaries because we are not pulling the triggers. We train people to pull the triggers." Those triggers are presumably to be pulled in the event of an attempted takeover of the Saudi oil fields by, say, Luxembourg or Greenland. Anyway, there are nations which have expressed a reluctance to permit the collapse of Western civilization without a fight. God help us, should such a disastrous fight come, it is at least comforting to know that America's Finest will be out on freedom's frontier once more, wearing their proud berets, in valiant, bloodstained defense of King Faisal's rich black dollars.●

Green Berets, 1975: from Fort Bragg, N.C., to Fortress Arabia.

Why "Datsun Saves" means a lot more than great gas mileage.

There's more to driving than filling up with gas. So we build each Datsun to last longer than you'll own it and cost as little as possible to run.

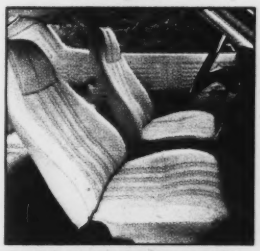
Example: Datsun crankshafts turn on five rather than three main bearings. Our crankshaft runs more smoothly, is more durable.

Example: Datsun engines have aluminum heads. Many comparable cars have cheaper cast iron heads, which don't dissipate heat as well.

Example: Datsun cars come with heavy duty 60 amp. batteries. Most new cars offer only 45 or 50 amp. batteries.

Example: We fitted a small, easily opened inspection plate under our manual transmissions. If something goes wrong you don't have to remove the entire unit to locate the problem.

Example: Every Datsun has two fuel filters: one at the engine and one at the gas tank. If you happen to buy a tank of bad gas, two filters clean it better than one.



Reclining bucket seats, carpeting, tinted glass and more, standard.

It all adds up. You'll find scores of other improvements on all new Datsuns. Taken together, they result in as economical and durable an automobile as possible. Datsun Saves means outstanding fuel economy, inexpensive maintenance, great resale value and a lot more.

Datsun Saves

Datsun 710 5-Door Wagon

Datsun 710 Hardtop

Luggage rack and automatic transmission are optional.

Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.

Kings: 16 mg. tar, 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 17 mg. tar, 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.